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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Hitler Jitters

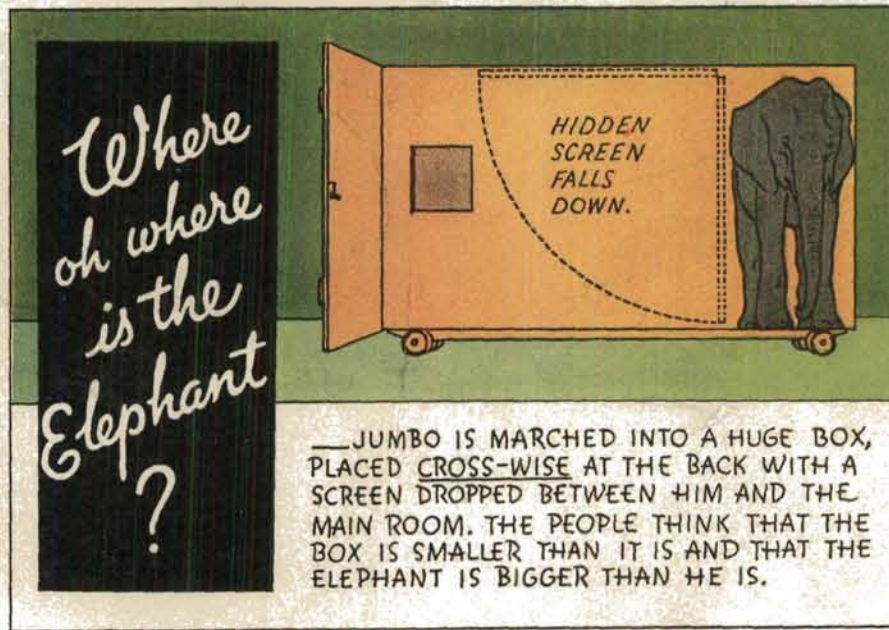
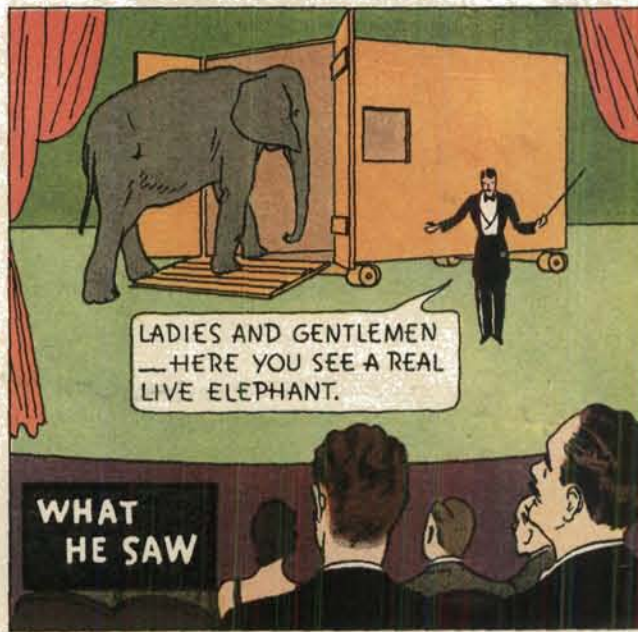
By T.R.Ybarra

JUNE 24, 1933

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IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

Sensational Magic Act
NOW PLAYING
The **DISAPPEARING ELEPHANT**



—IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

If you value mildness, good taste, smoothness, choose your cigarettes by the quality of the tobaccos used...Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE** tobaccos than any other popular brand.

CAMEL

U.S. & DOMESTIC BLEND RETTES

CHOICE QUALITY

A MATCHLESS BLEND

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NO TRICKS IN CAMELS — JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

"Keeping slim . . . means keeping our contracts"
explain JOAN BLONDELL *and* WARREN WILLIAM



Enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" on the set between the scenes of "Good Bye Again" — the new Warner Brothers production.

How the famous "Hollywood Lunch" has helped stars "keep fit without fat!"

EXCESS WEIGHT carries a terrible price in Hollywood! It can mean not only loss of public popularity, but a *cancelled contract*, too. Is it any wonder screen stars become practical dieticians?

They *know* menus! And they eat the foods that build energy, and shun the dishes that *add flesh*.

Heavy lunches are out!

Visit any studio around noontime. You'll see few stars indulging in a heavy, fattening meal. Stars need pep — not pounds — for the afternoon grind. And they get it with what has become famous in moviedom as the "Hollywood Lunch!"

Here, for example, we see Warren William and Joan Blondell, catching a meal at the Warner-First National studio between shots of their new picture "Good Bye Again." What are these stars

lunching on? It's simply the "Hollywood Lunch" . . . a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!

Keep fit with "Hollywood Lunch"

If you want to keep fit, pass up the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest tasting malted milk you ever drank—Borden's Malted Milk!

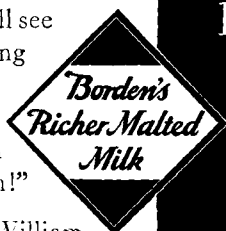
Why Borden's is better

Borden's is better because it's richer. Richer in

nourishment and energy-building values. Richer in vitamins A, B, and G. And infinitely better-tasting, because every attendant at a soda fountain serving Borden's is instructed by Borden, how to mix the *perfect malted milk*!

Have your first "Hollywood Lunch" tomorrow. Note how delicious it is—and how satisfying!

And remember—you can also buy Borden's Malted Milk in handy glass jars for home use.



KEEP FIT with the "HOLLYWOOD LUNCH"

... A SANDWICH ... AND A GLASS OF

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

HUGH TRACY stared at the empty, unwinking eye of the rifle and then at the active, gray-blue eyes of the girl who held it. "If you can't find horns on the beast," he said, "it ain't legal to shoot him."

That, in the informal manner of the West, constituted an introduction. Lynn Isherwood decided to be law-abiding, and Hugh Tracy, the almost legendary bad young man of Powder Desert who had wrecked more barrooms than Carry Nation—though for different reasons—was sunk. More completely than if she had shot him.

For this meeting marked the opening of a range war—thunder of hoofs and crash of guns and a bitter fight for desert water—with Lynn Isherwood as the prize. "Starlight Rider," the new serial by Ernest Haycox, begins next week. Tighten your cinch.

FOR contrast we transport you to the icy slopes of the Matterhorn to take part in a heroic drama played out "On the Brink." It, too, is a contest for a woman's love. You'll need a steady hand and granite nerves. And the courage for quick action. The lives of two others as well as your own depend on it. With rope and ice pick Edwin Muller escorts you down the precipice in a breath-taking short story.

JOHN BARRYMORE was doing the slapping and making a thorough job of it. Too thorough, really. For even a star may turn. After nineteen repetitions of the scene, Diana Wynyard was not only sore but angry. What she did about it is veraciously chronicled by Henry F. Pringle in "She Who Gets Slapped," the life story of this delightfully surprising actress.

FATHER FOZZLE was a menace to the youth of the land. Many a young man had been halled, staired and streeted for nothing more sinister than trying to economize on the Fozzle electric-light bill while looping an admiring elbow around Winnie Fozzle's waistline. Imagine then the consternation of the elder Fozzle at encountering the light-heavyweight champion of the world in his darkened living-room. Arthur "Bugs" Baer treats you to the lively results in "Now, Pop—"

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN writes the Short Short Story. Adolf Hitler, in an interview with T. R. Ybarra, sends a special message to America. Walter Davenport delves deeper into the involved finances of Louisiana and the mysterious powers of Kingfish Huey Long. Elmer Davis, Sax Rohmer, Freling Foster and others collaborate to make it a banner issue. Hooray for our side!

This Week

June 24, 1933

Cover by Gerard C. Delano

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EDITORIAL

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Any Week

WITHOUT bothering to tell us why, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Downey of San Francisco writes that she is sending us a "nice, soft custard pie" and is sorry "that I am not close enough to throw it."

THREATS like that leave us frosty. We have been accused from time to time of virtually every sorry offense and every low alliance. But we can't plead indifference to what Mr. Louis B. Helfreich writes from Dallas, Texas. He says that he knows that we have "sold out to Europe" and has proof thereof. That's news—at least to us. And examining the contents of our pockets, we feel cheated. If Mr. Helfreich will use that proof to make our purchasers do right by us we will be very glad to go fifty-fifty.

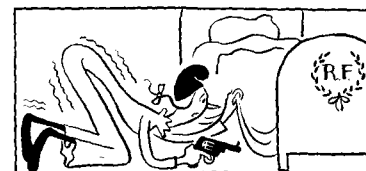
A LITTLE late, perhaps, for Mother's Day stories but Mr. Wells McPartland of St. Louis, Missouri, insists that we tell you that he heard two hard-pressed politicians discussing the subject. One had to deliver a speech about it and the other, older and of wider experience, was telling him what to say. "Don't," said the latter, "make any funny cracks about mothers even if you don't mean them. And also don't make them any promises. We're away behind on promises."

"IF I HAD enough money to make all the changes in my mode of living that the reformers of the world advocate," sighs Mr. Ed Bosworth of Buffalo, New York, "I could go right on living like I used to."



MISS NELL LEONARD of Birmingham, Alabama, seems to remember somebody in this column requesting news about J. Tom Heflin, "who hated himself right out of the United States Senate." Miss Leonard informs us that Mr. Heflin is at present "clearing his throat and shooting his cuffs preparatory to running himself back into the Senate with the assistance of that one-man life-saving corps, the Hon. Huey Long of Louisiana. Every now and then our Tom lets go with a practice speech that lays them low at the crossroads. He has laid off the Pope and Al Smith now that they seem to have lost their desire to enslave the United States of America but what he is going to say about Wall Street, if there is any left, is just paralyzing. You can always depend on our Tom to pick on some original issue."

AND Mr. R. W. Caddell of Omaha, Nebraska, thinks it would be a "great benefit to all your readers if you would send out one of your bright young men and find out what it is that has France so scared that she can't turn in at night without a light in the room and without getting up every hour or so and looking under the bed. Is she afraid," asks Mr. Caddell, "that Germany will attack her or that Germany won't attack her?"



AND Mr. Jere H. Bill of St. Louis, Missouri, chides those who rail at the disappointed dries. "They are not poor sports," says Mr. Bill. "They're just prohibitionists."

"UNLESS you have heard President Roosevelt's reconstruction and disarmament programs discussed from a strictly Yonkers standpoint," writes Mr. Allan L. G. Jensen of that perplexed city, "you ain't heard nothing."

WE ARE informed by Mr. Thomas H. Benner, assistant city solicitor of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, that we have done injustice to that city by publishing recently that Pittsburgh, unable to collect taxes under the unhappy régime of Mayor Kline, was in lamentable financial straits. Mr. Benner asks us to restate conditions, quoting the city controller's figures that during the first three months of this year Pittsburgh collected 48.09 per cent of her total tax assessments as against 50.41 per cent in the first three months of 1932. Mr. Benner writes, too, that Pittsburgh reduced her tax assessments for 1933 and in 1932 sold \$2,300,000 of bonds at a premium in excess of \$38,000. Having had no desire to injure Pittsburgh's reputation, we are glad enough to publish Mr. Benner's protest.

"IF YOU use my attached letter don't mention my name," begs Mr. J. Klein of New York City. "But if you do use my name don't publish my letter." Whereat Mr. Klein forgot to attach the letter.

"BUT why stop halfway?" demands Mr. Hugh F. McLarnin of Spokane, Washington. "If Secretary Ickes is going to have his way about renaming 'Hoover Dam' 'Boulder Dam,' why not speak to Mr. Hoover about calling himself Throttlebottom or Wintergreen or something like that hereafter?"

Life in the Balance

COULD you forgive yourself, if a member of your family or a friend should die while you were standing by, helpless, waiting for the doctor? How would you feel if a life should slip away because you had never learned to give artificial respiration?

When someone is overcome by gas (illuminating and coal gas, carbon monoxide, and the gases in smoke), shocked into unconsciousness by electricity, or is nearly drowned there is no time for guess-work or experimenting. You must get to work *instantly*—without a second's delay—and you *must know how*.

As a world-famed physiologist puts it, "Often, in drowning, electric or gas cases, the vital machine merely needs to be started again. It is like cranking an automobile when the engine has stalled and the self-starter is out of order."

Continue artificial respiration for four hours or longer if necessary. When changing operators, do so without losing count. Not infrequently the patient, after temporary recovery, stops breathing. Resume artificial respiration at once. Thousands upon thousands of lives have literally been snatched from death by this method of life saving.

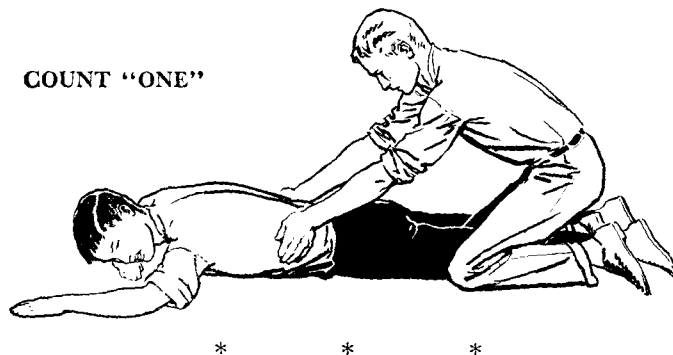
In many progressive communities, fire departments, hospitals, gas and electric companies use inhalators containing cylinders of carbogen to stimulate breathing in conjunction with artificial respiration. If an inhalator is available, send for it, but let nothing interrupt immediate and continuous effort to restore natural breathing by artificial respiration.

Read the life-saving instructions under the diagrams; then practice them with a friend. Once learned, they will never be forgotten and by means of them you may save a life dearer to you than your own.

Do not wait to remove clothing but begin at once to apply artificial respiration. Lay the person face down on floor or ground, one arm extended directly forward. Bend the other arm at elbow and rest cheek on back of hand, mouth toward finger tips. Kneel, straddling patient's right or left leg, or both legs, at the thigh.

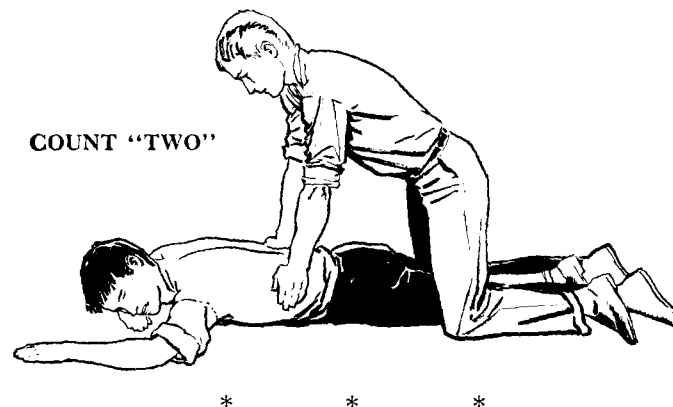
Place your hands on each side of back, just above the belt line, with your wrists four inches apart, thumb and fingers together; the little fingers over and following the line of the lowest rib; the tips of fingers just out of your sight.

COUNT "ONE"



While counting "one," "two," (a second for each count) with arms straight, (not bent at the elbow) swing weight of body forward until shoulders are directly over hands.

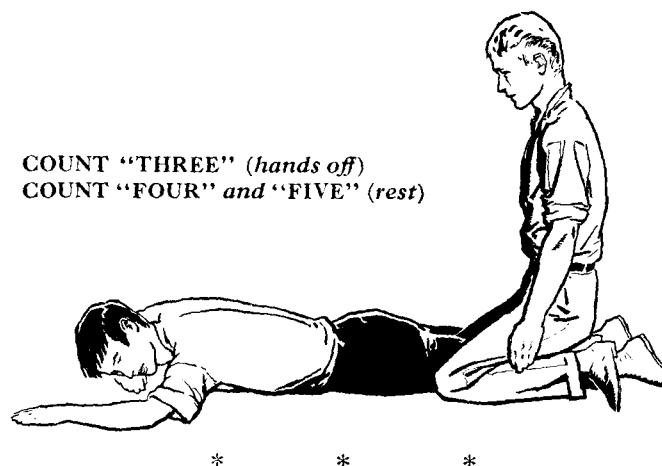
COUNT "TWO"



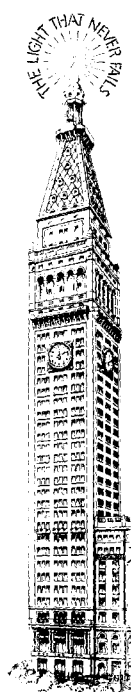
While counting "three" snap the hands sideways off the patient; at the same time, swing your relaxed body back to a resting position on your heels. While counting "four," "five"—rest.

Repeat these operations rhythmically, deliberately swinging forward and backward twelve to fifteen times a minute—a complete respiration in four or five seconds.

COUNT "THREE" (hands off)
COUNT "FOUR" and "FIVE" (rest)



The Metropolitan's booklet "Artificial Respiration" which contains further information of value in giving First Aid to one suffering from electric shock, gas asphyxiation or apparent drowning, will be sent free upon request. Address Booklet Dept. 733-C.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

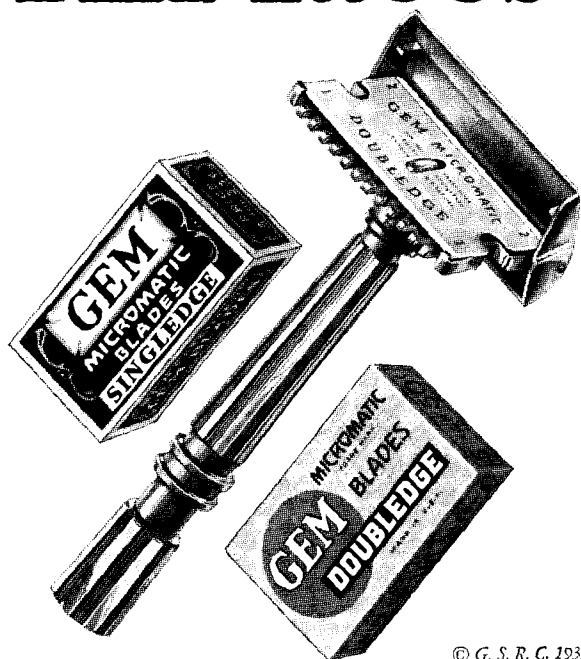
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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All faces look alike to GEM



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Gem Safety Razor Corp., Dept. C7, Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Enclosed find 25¢ for complete trial Gem set with a single-
 and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem
 Micromatic Razor now featured in regular \$1.00 outfits.

PRINT NAME

ADDRESS

THE new *one-piece* Gem frame, with its correctly slanted top and bevelled corners, reaches everywhere, slips under the most *difficult* noses, never skips a cleft, snubs a contour or misses a hair. It *compels* you to work with the swift, non-scuffing, barber-shop stroke. You simply *can't* shave *wrong* with a Gem. You can't take it apart. You can't hurt it.

Dual-alignment, Gem's exclusive patent, sets the edge so exactly, and Gem Micromatic Blades are so *much* tougher than the wiriest bristle, that thick beards and thin skins literally *purr* at their thistle-down touch.

The Gem self-adjusting holder pro-

tectively covers one numbered side of the double-edged blade while the other is used to the limit of keenness. And *that*, incidentally, is another of Gem's original ideas.

The new Gem has thought of so *many* things that other razors forgot, that we'd like to demonstrate 'em *all* to you with a trial set including the latest gold-plated, lifetime guaranteed frame (sold in regular dollar Gem outfits), and a sample single-and a double-edged Gem Blade, for 25c.

6,000,000 *other* men switched to Gems last year. Send a quarter with this coupon and let Gem *itself* show you *why*.

GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR AND BLADES

The Girl in Number Eight

By Stanley Paul

The passenger beside him was dangerous. The one behind him was sinister. There's romance in travel these days



THERE were two signs on the windows of the Whippet Bus Terminal in New York. One read: "\$52.50 to the Coast"; and the other: "Boston—\$2.00—Nine Hours."

Jim Prentiss read them both. His hand strayed unconsciously to the pocket wherein lay a hundred-dollar note—his last one. For two dollars he could go home, as he had intended; home to North Millville, Massachusetts, to face a coterie of critical uncles and aunts, who had said, two years previously, when he departed from the town accompanied by his father's modest legacy:

"You'll never bring it back!"

Jim squirmed. The prospect failed to excite him. Something was exciting him, though: it was that other sign—"\$52.50 to the coast."

There was rhythm in the phrase: it had the cadence of a far trumpet sounding the call to adventure. Was there adventure left in the land? The answer was his for fifty-two fifty. Starving, he was sure, under the beneficent sun of California could be no worse than desuetude in North Millville—certainly not so cloying.

"Yes, sir," said the efficient young agent within the terminal. "Fifty-two fifty, fifty-three, -four, -five, sixty, eighty, ninety, one hundred dollars. There you are! Seat Number Seven in the four-o'clock coach."

Jim pocketed his ticket—and forty-seven and a half dollars—and grinned.

Already he felt a sense of exaltation. He was no longer Jim Prentiss, going home to acknowledge defeat. He was Jim Prentiss, bound west for the Coast, if you please; he might return another year as Jim Prentiss, the fruit magnate, the mine operator, the oil man or the movie hero. Who could tell? Not Jim, anyway. That was half the fun. He picked up his Gladstone and walked out to where the bus awaited.

IT WAS the first time he had ever been inside of one of the ponderous vehicles. It was well filled. He followed the driver, who had taken his luggage, down the narrow little aisle, flanked, shoulder-high, by two wide luggage racks. Under these were seats arranged in pairs. Here sat a dark woman holding a fretful child, there a salesman fat with food and with a supply of monotonous stories pent up behind his flaccid lips, an old couple, a young couple, two or three young roughsters with the knowing eye and the wagging jaw, some show people bound for a stand in the sticks, and, at last, seat seven with the seat beside it as yet unoccupied.

Jim made tentative thrusts, here and there, with his long legs and hoped it would remain so. At three fifty-nine he was still in sole occupancy when a taxi drew alongside.

His first thought, as he observed the alighting passenger, was: "What a pip!" This was to be expanded later to a more tasteful appreciation of her



"Now beat it," Jim said, "before I have you thrown out of here"

fascinating slenderness, clear, fine eyes and sweet lips, and the glory of sun-tanned skin under golden hair. Jim sat up. His wishing changed. Far from desiring solitude, he now hoped ardently that seat eight had been sold to the charming person. He observed, with wrath, that some of the others were not unmindful of her arrival: notably the salesman, who was hitching in his seat with a smug manner of anticipation; even more so a big, dark man behind Jim, who spat out a wad of gum and brightened perceptibly. Jim cursed them both; then scrambled to his feet as the driver at his elbow said:

"Excuse me, will you let the lady by, please?"

Would Jim let her by! Seven, he reflected, as he resumed his seat beside her, was ever a lucky number. As the door closed, and they barged out into the traffic of Eighth Avenue, he found it difficult to reconcile her with bus travel. She belonged in the Century Lounge; on "A" deck of a great ocean liner or behind the wheel of a roadster as smart as her hat. How, he wondered as they ducked into the Holland Tube, did one get acquainted in a cross-country bus? He wished that in past years he had spent more time acquiring a worldly and engaging air, and less peering into greasy gear boxes.

Meanwhile they had emerged from the roar of the long tube, and were out on the Jersey flats rolling toward Trenton. Once in a while, under pretense

of inspecting passing scenes, he allowed his eyes to sweep back and encounter her profile, the line of which was no less lovely than her face. Philadelphia came out of the deepening twilight. The bus rolled to a stop at a rest station.

"Supper," the driver announced. "Twenty minutes."

HE WATCHED her covertly, across the little lunch bar, drinking her coffee black—as he had known she would—and marveled that anyone could achieve such grace while perched on an awkward stool. She smoked—briefly and beautifully—and once her eyes met his in a direct blue glance. Jim blushed and cursed himself for an awkward schoolboy; to be so discovered in yawping admiration. An elbow pressed into his ribs: he looked up; it was the big chap who had the seat behind him in the bus. Jim didn't like the cold, impertinent eyes.

"Some babe, eh!" said the man, indicating the lovely one across the room.

Jim made no reply.

"I have watched you," said the fellow. "You are a slow guy. Me—by this time I would know her. It is too bad for her that I am not sitting in your seat."

"Yes?" Jim said.

"Yeah," said the other man, and, with his eyes still on the girl, walked out of the lunch-room. Jim watched the broad, heavy-set back with an increasing sense of active dislike.

When Jim reentered the bus she was already seated, composedly watching the West Philadelphia traffic and wholly unconscious of Jim's admiring glance.

Later, going through Cynwyd, she sat up and searched about on the floor with a slim foot. A snap sounded—and the back of her chair reclined a bit. Jim jumped. He hadn't known about that arrangement. He could see that it was a great thing for comfort, but somehow he didn't care much for it. It took her back out of his sight completely, and girls as pretty as she were under obligation to the world to stay awake to be seen and admired.

After a while the moon came up over the Dutch country and, as they crossed the Susquehanna, he saw by the light of a lamp on the bridge that she was softly asleep, with her thick lashes caressing the curve of her smooth cheek. He found his own pedal, kicked it and lay back. After a time he went to sleep.

HOURS later, it seemed, he was awakened by a soft voice, quite near, saying: "Real-ly!"

He opened his eyes. Through a blur of sleepy lashes he saw a soft curl of golden hair dance; and then lie still.

"Real-ly!" the voice repeated.

Jim opened his eyes again. He blew out a little puff between his lips and once more the curl danced. His eyes traced it to a sweetly fashioned brow and other eyes, which, slightly indignant, looked into his own. He realized then that he had been sleeping with his head nearly on his companion's shoulder, and he straightened up with a start.

"Oh!" he said. "I'm sorry!"

"That's quite all right. It just tickled a little—that's all."

Jim reddened.

"See here," he protested, "I didn't mean to be . . ."

"Fresh? Of course you didn't. You're not the type who would. And if it hadn't tickled so, I'd have let you sleep on and on. You were obviously enjoying it."

"Well, thanks for being so nice about it." Jim reached for the luxury of an awakening smoke. He applied a match to the tobacco; then grinned quickly. "It's funny," he continued. "I was worrying last night about how I could possibly get acquainted with you—and I do it by blowing on your neck."

"It was sort of playful," she admitted. "But as long as you didn't go 'br-r-rh!' while you did it—I didn't mind."

"I never do that!" Jim asserted, feeling slightly ridiculous.

"Don't you?" she asked, and regarded him with mock seriousness; then, looking out of the window, she said: "Pittsburgh, see? And breakfast."

Jim followed her glance. Ahead, through a smoky dawn, he saw a glow on the sky which rivaled the glow of the rising sun at their back.

"The forge of Mammon," she suggested.

"Yeah," Jim assented. "Mammon eggs with coffee."

"Are you a punster?" she asked with a slight frown.

"No," Jim said gravely. "I just don't want you to go intellectual on me, that's all."

"I won't," she promised, "because I'm not that way the least bit. I'm just a little romantic. Things like this affect me."

"You mean like having strange young men blow on your neck?" Jim asked with quick interest.

"Certainly not! I mean dawn in the hills—and a light on the sky."

"Oh!" Jim was sure he had overshot the mark a bit.

The man behind them awakened, stretched and leaned forward.

"We're coming into Pittsburgh," he announced with vast authority.

Jim thought the girl was going to turn.

"Don't speak to that chump," he whispered anxiously.

Her eyes became indignant.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but aren't you a bit officious?"

"I'm sorry," Jim replied. "I guess I was a little rude."

THEY dropped swiftly down the dusty hills and rolled into the city with the first full light from the east.

"Breakfast stop," said the driver. "Please get your tickets reissued. Half an hour."

It was fun getting acquainted over coffee. On the way down to cross the Ohio River—where they touched briefly the extended finger of West Virginia—they discovered enjoyment in each other's talk. While they were rolling over the last low hills to be debouched upon the Indiana plain, he discovered that her name was Molly Jordan, that she was a Californian returning from a visit to New York, and that she thought bus travel was grand—the only way really to see the country, didn't he think so? And why was he going West? Was it business or pleasure?

"Both," Jim told her. "It's a pleasure not to be going home at this particular time, and it's my business to make a living once I get out there."

"Oh . . .!" she said, with an air of concern. "You should have inquired about things in California before you started."

"Why?" Jim asked. "What about things?"

She didn't say they were difficult or strained or acute. She narrowed her blue eyes and snapped: "They're tough!" Very businesslike! Just like that!

Jim regarded her with increased respect. Pretty girls, as he remembered them from his days of comparative opulence, had vague notions about everything except hats and frocks and places to go for a good time.

"But," she added, "they're going to improve."

"Ah!" Jim said facetiously. "The old California spirit! The native daughter speaks! You know that ad that some California booster organization runs showing a man, a woman and a child standing hand in hand on a vine-clad



"No seat is anyone's seat," Spargo said.

hillside looking inspired about something—the sun, I guess—with the caption: 'Life is richer in California!' Well, I burlesqued it once in a cartoon that I drew for Voodoo at Tech. It was clever, I thought. I had a—"

"Where is your home?" she interrupted quietly.

"Why . . . uh . . . North Millville, Massachusetts." It had never sounded absurd to Jim before, but it did just then.

"I THOUGHT so," she said. "You see, coming from there you aren't expected to understand a spirit like that of California. You haven't the vision—in your little New England hills—to comprehend a spirit that wrests an empire out of soil and rock and desert."

"Good heavens!" Jim said, in a desperate effort to recoup. "You sound like a speaker at a realtors' banquet."

She didn't reply, but looked out of the window. Jim felt a little cheap, but by dexterous avoidance of the subject of native heaths had her back on good terms with him by the time they reached St. Louis.

It was at this stop, while they were awaiting a change in busses, that the big, blue-chinned man singled out Jim again. He approached him at the end of a short, stretching walk.

"My name is Spargo," he announced.

"Glad to hear it," Jim replied.

"You should be," said the other. "I am quite a fellow. I have friends everywhere. I also have plenty money."

"Congratulations," Jim said dryly.

Spargo was not offended.

"Now," he went on, "I have heard you telling this girl that you are a young fellow trying to get along. That is no talk for women. So we change seats, eh? And I give you twenty dollars."

"Walk on my other side," said Jim, "I'm deaf over here."

"Fifty," said Spargo.

"No sale," Jim replied.

"Listen, young fellow, I think you are maybe getting fresh with me. That is bad business. Another thing: people generally do what I want them to do. Especially when I pay them for it."

"That," said Jim, unimpressed, "is because you don't know the right kind of people."

Jim told Molly about Spargo's temerity



"There are thirty seats and five passengers." There was menace in his tone

Illustrated by James W. Earley

while they were crossing the Kansas grain lands, where travel was light and fast, and where at night passengers grew fewer in number. She laughed.

"Don't let it annoy you," she advised. "I meet the type often. They're something like snakes. Harmless—if you ignore them."

HE WAS in love with her at Denver. How anyone could look so delightfully fresh in the confines of the coach day after day was more than Jim could understand, so he didn't attempt to—he just admired her. He tried to tell her about it—that is, about looking so nice—while they were passing the salt beds and copper mines of Utah; but only got as far as asking a lot of irrelevant questions about her friends and her life in California. This met with reticence. She preferred, it appeared, to talk about Jim.

"If you have to make a living in California," she asked, "tell me: what can you do?"

"Well . . ." Jim reflected upon his sundry and ill-advised excursions into the realm of money-making—all of which had so far proved disastrous.

"I'm supposed to be good at mechanical design—to have ideas that are original."

"Be original, then."

"What about?" Jim asked.

"Be original about these busses."

"Oh! Well, if I were designing them I'd put the power plant out in the rear so that less heat and noise would get into the coach. I'd partition off the driver, too. That's bad—having anyone who likes drop up for a chat with him."

"Anything else?"

"Well, take those wheel seats; they're tough. I'd stow baggage there and take care of the displacements on an elevated rear deck, which would give them more comfort. Better vision, too. Besides, it would be a good place for smoking. It shouldn't be allowed here. Look at the old lady a few seats back. The one who got on at Elko. See how she screws up her face every time I exhale cigarette smoke? It isn't right."

"Why not put it out, then?" Molly suggested.

"Good idea," said Jim agreeably. "I will. Look! We're coming into Reno. I've got a swell idea about Reno. Do you like to dance?"

"Yes," said Molly.

"Well, look! We have two hours here. And it's a town with plenty of hey-hey. What do you say we find a smart spot and have a little fun?"

Molly shook her head.

"No," she decided. "That would cost money."

"What of it?"

"But I know you're nearly broke."

"There!" Jim said indignantly. "That's what you get for telling your troubles to a woman. They're thrown right back at you. Maybe I've been kidding you. Maybe I'm a millionaire. Anyway, what do you want me to do—wander off alone and lose all my quarters in slot machines or something?"

"No," Molly said. "I'd rather you spent them on me. I may not pay back four for one—but I make less noise going around than a slot machine does. So come on."

Molly was as light on her feet as mountain air; as light as Jim's heart and his head.

"It's been lovely," she said, looking up at him as they danced to the last precious minute.

"Swell!" he agreed. "Everything's swell!"

That was the way he felt until Spargo appeared at the side of their table.

"What do you want?" Jim asked with studied curtness.

"From the lobby I watched you," Spargo purred. "Me and a friend of mine who has joined me here for the rest of the trip. I said to him that never had I seen a girl who could dance so good as your little friend. I also told him how much I want to meet her. He says I am foolish to stand around wanting anything, when all I have to do is walk in and ask you to introduce me. So I walk in. I am here."

"So I see," said Jim. "Now run along."

Spargo sneered and inclined toward Molly.

"WE'LL forget introductions, then—" he began; but stopped at the peremptory hand which Jim placed on his arm.

"No we won't," Jim corrected him. "Now beat it! Beat it before I have you thrown out of here. And try to understand this, too: the lady doesn't want to dance with you, doesn't want to meet you, and is greatly annoyed by your advances."

For just an instant Spargo hesitated; then straightened up.

"My friend," he said, "you are fortunate in that you pick public places to insult me. Sometime, perhaps, you will not be so careful. Perhaps we shall not have to wait even until then."

With this implied threat, he left them. Molly looked at Jim with her eyes a little wide.

"I'm afraid of him," she said. "Perhaps I should have danced with him."

"Nothing doing!" Jim announced. "I'll not stand for anything like that, whether you like it or not."

She kept her eyes on his for a long moment.

"Why?" she asked softly.

"Because I . . . because . . ." Jim suddenly remembered that he would arrive the next day in San Francisco—broke. "Because he's a rat, that's all."

"Is that all?" Molly insisted.

Jim didn't dare to look at her eyes again.

"Yes," he repeated a little miserably. "That's all."

FOR the trip over the Sierras there were left only Molly and Jim, the little old lady who had joined them at Elko, Spargo, and a man who, Jim supposed, was the friend of whom he had spoken. These two, as Molly and Jim entered, seemed absorbed in each other. Jim hoped, as the bus rolled out of Reno into the long climb, that they would remain so. He lighted a cigarette. A hand tapped gently on his shoulder; it was the little old lady.

"Excuse me," she said sweetly, "but would you mind if I ask you not to smoke, young man?"

"Oh!" Jim stamped the cigarette out hastily. "Of course not! I'm sorry!"

"As a matter of fact," Molly informed her, "he was saying himself, just a few miles back, that smoking in front shouldn't be allowed."

"Is that so?" said the old lady. "Well, that's real thoughtful of him. My husband was well trained, too—at least about smoking. Are you two honeymooning?"

Molly left the question to Jim.

"No," he said shortly.

"My goodness!" The little old lady was incredulous. "Well, if you two don't look like honeymooners nobody ever did!"

She retraced her steps and resumed her seat in the rear.

"Look!" Molly said. "We're a thousand feet up. Here's the patrol station."

(Continued on page 36)

The Hitler Jitters

By T. R. Ybarra

"Quit talking to that chap!" "Why?" "He's a government stool pigeon!" That's the undertone in the "Third Reich," Adolf Hitler's triumphantly militaristic, simon-pure Nordic dictatorship. Behind the thundering Nazi salutes, opposition is massing within the country and without. The air is full of sparks. Here's a picture of Hitler and his soldiers—who look like sticks of dynamite

BLARING of brass bands, thudding of booted feet against paving blocks, young men's voices chanting stirring words to martial music—here comes another parade of Adolf Hitler's Nazis, Germany's new masters. Down Unter den Linden they march, through the heart of Berlin, swinging along in true military fashion, with their peaked caps and Sam Browne belts and shirts the color of dynamite.

Many of those in the crowd lining the sidewalks give the Fascist salute and whip off their hats when the big Nazi banners, with the swastika emblazoned in the center, are proudly carried past. Others, though, quite a number of them, pretend to be looking elsewhere, or shrink into doorways, or fade unobtrusively around the corner.

The band starts the "Horst Wessel" song, Hitlerism's anthem. Thousands of voices join in. Tears come into the eyes of a man, bent with age, standing beside me in the crowd.

"Like the good old days!" he mutters. A woman near by, thrilled at the sight of these regimented youths tramping with the steps of veterans, exclaims:

"Discipline has come back to Germany!"

"Thank God!" chimes in the old man.

Around the corner wheel the paraders. The crowd melts away. One of those who had shrunk into a doorway some minutes before now emerges. On his face is a sardonic expression. He catches my eye.

"What do you think of it?" he asks.

"Good show. But what does it mean?"

He shakes his head. He looks still more sardonic, as he replies:

"I don't know. Nobody knows. Not even Hitler!"

An Incredible Transition

Uncertainty—bewilderment—apprehension—all these hang heavily over Germany in these first months of the rule of the Austrian who, a house painter yesterday, stands today in the shoes of Prince Bismarck, Germany's Iron Chancellor.

Bismarck to Hitler! Incredible! Yet such a transition is typical of what was happening in the German Reich when I landed there a short time ago from New York.

The first wave of violence which had accompanied Hitler's advent to power had spent itself, for the time being at least. Open boycotting of Jewish places of business had ceased; also wholesale arrests of political opponents of the Nazi régime. The grim tension which had made the world shiver at the prospect of possible pogroms, of twentieth-century duplications of St. Bartholomew's Eve, had relaxed. But everywhere was the feeling that brute force

was in control; that large sections of the German people were living from day to day in peril; that violence worse than anything which had gone before might overwhelm the country without warning at any moment.

I had visited Germany again and again since the end of the war. I had seen her go through a succession of political crises, some of them bristling with promise of serious trouble. But never had I breathed anything like the air of those first days under the government of the "Third Reich."

"Don't telephone if you can help it," a friend warned me. "Telephones are being tapped all over town."



1. President von Hindenburg greets "that sergeant," Adolf Hitler, who became dictator of Germany amid scenes of intense political turmoil. 2. Brown Shirts raiding a Communist hide-out in Berlin. 3. Jewish residents of Chemnitz forced to white-wash walls under Nazi surveillance. 4. A Jew who refused menial work being paraded through Berlin in a refuse wagon. 5. The aged President of Germany at a military review on his 85th birthday



any more—too much risk of being overheard and locked up."

With the words came something which I had never encountered on any previous visit to Germany—a sudden furtive glance over the shoulder, followed by a quick flash of relief when it appeared that nobody had been eavesdropping. How well I came to know that apprehensive glance and that flash before I had been forty-eight hours in Hitlerland!

The whole situation was something entirely outside my experience. Always I had found it possible to go about Berlin and the rest of Germany without the slightest fear of being spied upon. Always there had been political strife, accompanied, over and over again, by murderous clashes between hot-headed adherents of this party or that. But never had there been the feeling that you must "watch your step" in casual everyday dealings. That sort of thing, I had been convinced, was confined to Russia—or Italy, during the more serious phases of its Fascist fever. But—Germany!

"Never, by any chance, get into conversation with a stranger," I was solemnly warned. And—

"Quit talking to that chap!"

"Why?"

"He is a government stool pigeon!"

I simply couldn't believe it at first.

So, despite warnings, I would soon get reckless again, and say something mildly critical of some Hitlerist action, to German acquaintances, and again would come that little jerky motion of the head as eyes were suddenly swiveled, first to one side, then to the other.

"Be careful!"

So I shut up. Before I had been in Berlin a week I learned that all this "Hush!" stuff was not plain bunk or nerves, but a most excellent tip for anyone who expected to circulate, unmolested, in a city through which Brown Shirts swanked four and five abreast, their fingers itching to clench into fists and bash the face of anybody who was (or looked like) a Jew or a Communist, a republican or a Marxist, a neutral, or—well, anything but a simon-pure, hundred per cent, militant, Nordic, Aryan Nazi.

You certainly felt keyed up. Boredom had no place in your daily life. It was like traveling on an express train

being whirled along at seventy-five miles an hour by a locomotive without any crew!

Daily the Hitler government was ordering changes which took one's breath away with their suddenness and completeness. You would pick up your morning paper to find that the authorities had taken some important step, quite without previous warning, which, it had been generally supposed, must be preceded by months of spade work and molding of public opinion.

One day it would be a decree ordaining the dismissal of a large proportion of the Jews holding jobs in the governmental service. Next it was a blow at Jewish lawyers—another decree, suddenly spread before Germany while she breakfasted, told how the number of Jews allowed to practice law had been drastically reduced.

Next it was the turn of the federated German Reich, upon which Bismarck had based his whole scheme of German unity. Bismarck devoted some fifteen years to combining the Germanic countries, independent in his day, into an empire grounded on states' rights. Some were kingdoms, some grand duchies, others principalities and duchies, and to each had to be left some portion of its autonomy lest it balk at being fitted into the Bismarckian pattern. A delicate task, if ever there was one!—requiring wheedling here, bullying there, making concessions to this king, bluffing that prince.

Yet Adolf Hitler, by a stroke of the pen, one morning wrecked the whole Bismarckian structure! He did away with the complicated network of local privilege upon which the Iron Chancellor had reared his new Germany. And the amazing part of it is that the states from which that new Germany was formed made no effective protest!

The Emergence of a Diplomat

In the meantime, the man mainly responsible for all these changes in Germany has not been able to keep himself entirely unchanged. One of the most striking manifestations of the new order of things has been the substitution by Adolf Hitler occasionally of formal ceremonial garb (high hat included) for his beloved rough brown uniform. To be sure, he dons "glad rags" only when absolutely obliged to do so, and takes them off just as soon as he can; indeed, he has become, since his accession to the chancellorship, a regular lightning-change artist.

He proved this recently when he received Norman Davis, President Roosevelt's traveling European representative, in solemn audience. The hour was six in the evening; Hitler appeared all dolled up in a coat with long tails and a handsome tie and shiny patent-leather shoes. Yet, within half an hour, he was haranguing twenty thousand of his wildly cheering storm troopers in Berlin's great Sportpalast, and he was doing it without a coat, in a brown, soft-collared shirt and top boots!

When I was in Berlin, Hitler was installed in a suite of rooms in the new wing of the Chancellery, an ugly edifice, marring the long line of eighteenth-century baroque palaces stretching unbroken from Unter den Linden for half a mile or so along the famous Wilhelmstrasse. The old part of the Chancellery, where Hitler's predecessors, from Bismarck onward, resided, was occupied at that time by President von Hindenburg because the presidential palace, a short way up the street, was being repaired.

The President, Germany's Grand Old Man, well along in his eighty-sixth year, was enveloped, during those opening days of the new régime, in silence and mystery.

Little was heard of him—a striking contrast to those days only a few months before when he was putting his finger into every political pie, and making himself the idol and rallying-point of Germans of all parties, the strongest bulwark of the German Republic—just as he had been, when commander-in-chief of Germany's World War armies, the mightiest defender of the German Empire.

What had become of him? Where was the antipathy shown by him for so long against Adolf Hitler? Where was the firmness which had sent the Nazi chieftain to the right-about last summer when he had demanded to be installed as Germany's Mussolini? Where was the obstinacy against which two other Chancellors—Brüning and Schleicher—had come to grief within the short space of a year? Was the old soldier senile? Or was he under the thumb, at last, of him whom he had been wont to call contemptuously "that sergeant"? All Germany was asking those questions.

The Twilight of a Demigod

And cruel stories concerning the President were going the rounds in Berlin. They pictured him in his dotage, hardly aware of what was going on, merely affixing his signature "on the dotted line" whenever told to do so by those really running the government.

One yarn, bandied about at café tables, was to the effect that Hindenburg, after having appointed Hitler Chancellor, said to his secretary, in puzzled tones: "But I thought Brüning wore glasses!"

Another asserted that the aged warrior, winner of the great German campaign against Russia in the summer of 1914, after having stood stiffly for hours at the window of his palace while thousands of Hitler's Brown Shirts paraded past him, had turned, mystified, to his son and aide-de-camp, Colonel Oskar von Hindenburg, and remarked: "But, Oskar, I had no idea that we had captured so many Russians!"

And then there was the cruelest of all, circulated when Hindenburg was issuing decree after decree, each making Hitler's position stronger.

An official (so ran the story), having been summoned to an audience with the President, was kept waiting so long that he got hungry, took from his pocket a

(Continued on page 37)

"Says Hitler"

As Chancellor Hitler tapped Mr. Ybarra's knee to emphasize his points, he discussed his opinions on armaments and Jews and made a plea for American understanding—in an exclusive interview for Collier's

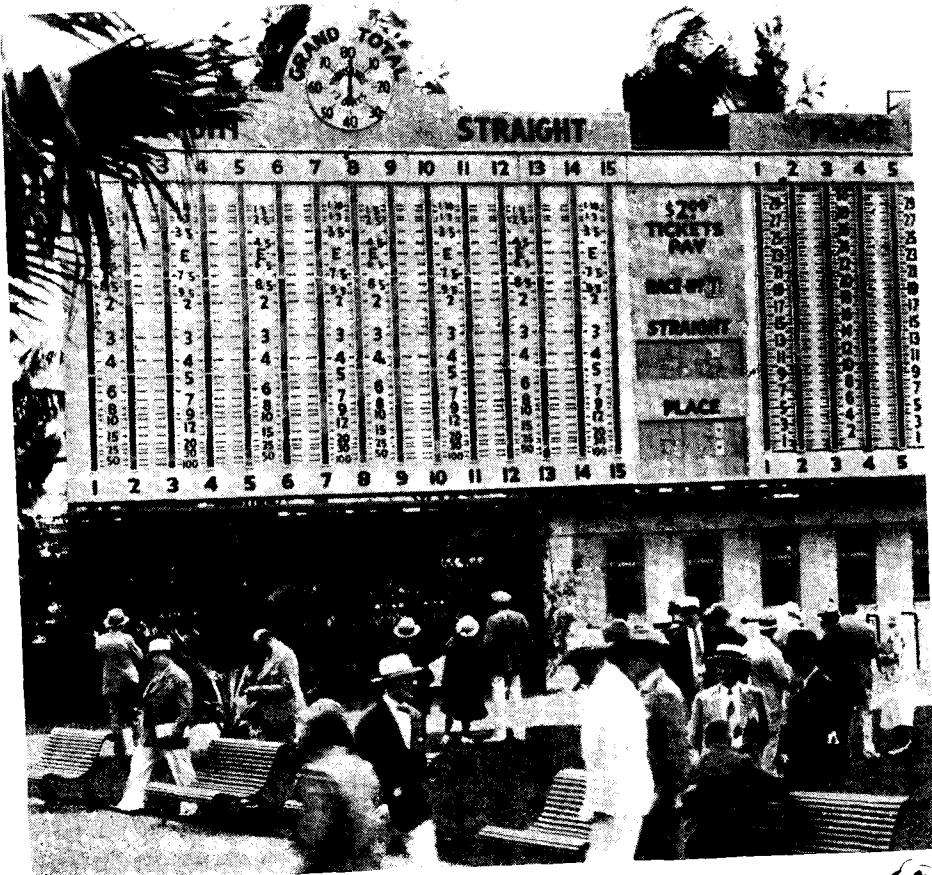
Next Week

Another, whom I invited to dinner at a well-known Berlin restaurant, urged me to choose a smaller and less-frequented place. "Where we can talk," he added significantly.

And a German, to whom I innocently made a remark in an ordinary conversational tone of voice bearing on the political situation, put his finger to his lips and, drawing close to me, whispered: "We don't talk politics around here

Two Dollars on the Nose

By Bill Cunningham



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No one wants the wages of sin, but the revenue from wagers may form a substantial and highly acceptable part of a state's income. That's the secret of the sudden popularity of pari-mutuel betting. Seven states have legalized it and twenty-five others are considering the same concession to expediency. Here, amid the shouting and applause, is the dope, hot from the feed box

IF THERE'S anything left of those self-appointed defenders of public morals who used to call themselves "the right-minded element," they, holding their ears against the booming of the bung-starters, must consider the race-track legislation either passed or now pending in some twenty-five states as another series of shotgun weddings forced upon hitherto unmatchable parties by that ole debbil Depression.

The state government in each case makes a nervous and somewhat shame-faced groom; the racing interests an eager and slightly smirking bride. It's a wedding of necessity—of the groom's necessity. The trouble is that he currently has little of that commodity vulgarly known as dough, and the bride, while her reputation isn't all that it might be, stands to bring him a dot of several hundred thousands a year. If times were normal, he wouldn't even consider it; but temporarily, at least, what price virtue?

Be it hastily recorded to the credit of the various commonwealths that they aren't legalizing all gambling, not even all forms of race-track gambling. They're merely lifting the bars against what is generally considered the squarrest form of gambling yet invented—the pari-mutuel system of wagering on horse races. They've taken the stand that people are going to gamble anyhow, law or no law, and since the state can't save their souls, why shouldn't it take their cash?

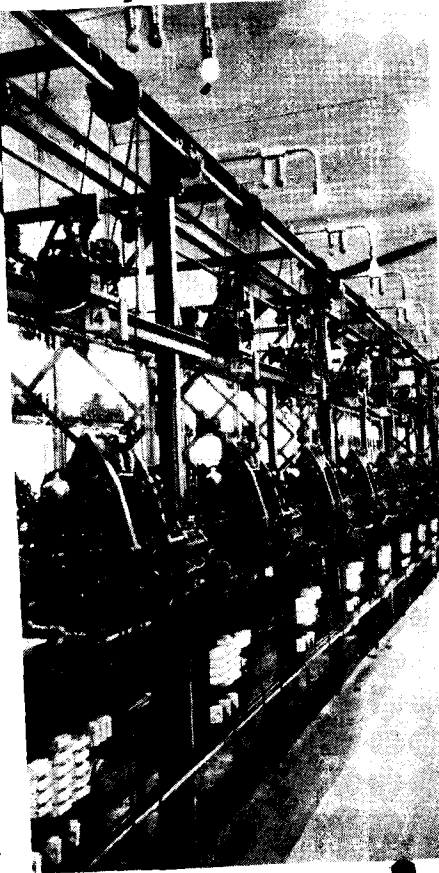
The ordinary hard-working and God-

fearing citizen would have no way of knowing, but a stupendous sum is wagered by a generous percentage of the American public on some horse race somewhere every day. There's no means of getting at the annual total, but a conservative guess places it at two and one-half billion dollars. Some experts claim it's at least twice that amount. They point, for instance, to the recorded statistics of an average year, wherein 8,000,000 people paid \$21,000,000 in admissions to see approximately 10,000 running-horse races, exclusive of the 36,000,000 who paid to see harness racing.

Revenue Going Begging

They quote statistics showing that Ontario's small percentage of the pari-mutuel bets have brought her as much as \$2,000,000 a year to go with her annual \$800,000 in taxes from racing properties. They show that Maryland gets approximately a million a year from her tracks, Kentucky collects at the rate of \$2,500 per day and that Florida bagged a net profit of \$712,852.95 from her horse and dog tracks this past winter. The weekly betting figures at Miami's two horse tracks, Hialeah and Tropical Park, attained such totals as \$746,538, \$899,952, etc. From the horse bets, the state treasury peeled off a total of \$407,078.70. The rest came from the greyhounds, but it was all net profit from the pari-mutuel law, after the \$52,287.02 cost of maintaining the collection bureau came off the top. And that in these times of darkest and dankest depression!

Most of this tremendous business up to now has been strictly illegal. But seven states—Maryland, Kentucky, Illinois, Louisiana, Nevada, Montana and Florida—Florida only since 1931—have



Acme

A part of the highly complicated mechanism of the totalizator



officially recognized wagers. Horse racing has been legal, all right, but horse racing without betting has been like beer without something recognizable to the left of the decimal. It had no kick, and but a few curious customers who made mawkish faces at the flatness of the taste.

Every state except those mentioned had boasted a pious statute against the taking of race bets. It was a jailing offense everywhere. In New York and New Jersey such practices are even prohibited by the state constitutions. Yet bookmakers have been flourishing

for at least twenty-five years in every town in America above the grade of a whistle stop.

The new laws, of course, won't wipe out the bookmaker, just as the new beer hasn't abolished the bootlegger, but just as the new brew has diverted a fat percentage of speakeasy profits into the public purse, so will the legalizing of pari-mutuel wagers turn some of the bookmaker's take into the gaping state coffers. At least that is the hope—a hope that seems to have been realized by the states that have tried it already.

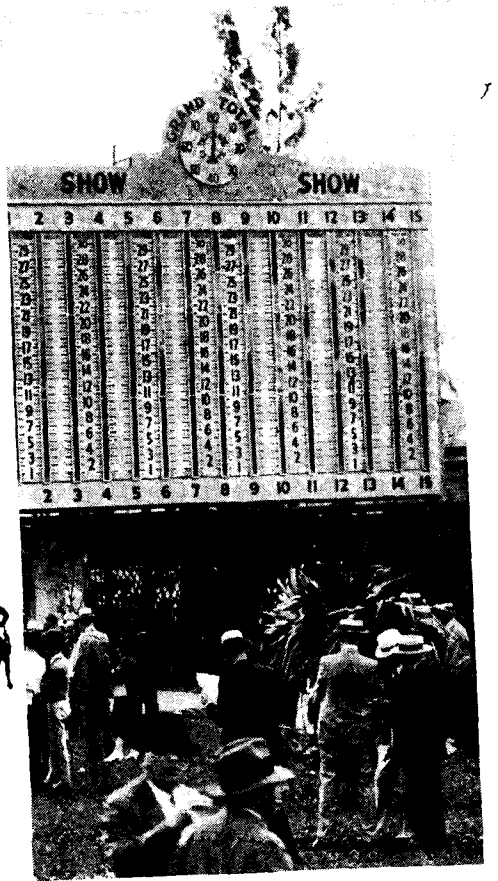
But what is this "pari-mutuel betting," extolled so grandiloquently in so many legislative halls this past winter and spring, and at the same time attacked so savagely by the bloody but unbowed remnants of the blue-stockinged Old Guard? Well, pari mutuel, although a new word to millions, is an old term in racing. It was first imported from France after the Civil War, was used for a while in Kentucky and New York, then fell into an unexplained desuetude, later to be revived in Maryland, Kentucky, Illinois, Louisiana and Florida. It consists, as the name implies, of a race-track crowd's betting equally and mutually. In short, it's a system where the crowd bets with itself, instead of with bookmak-

ers, and the bookmaker's profit goes to the track and to the state. Its mechanics are not especially complicated.

The crowd is invited to step up to a series of windows which are graduated according to bet sizes. There, for instance, is the \$2 and most popular window. Then there are a \$5 window and a \$10 wicket. At some tracks, to one side, for the especial benefit of the plungers and the plutocrats, are \$50 and \$100 windows.

The odds on the horses are prominently displayed and each bet changes

(Continued on page 48)



All bets are recorded and odds instantly determined by the new totalizator at beautiful Hialeah track in Miami, Florida

After the Rains

A romance of the Frontier North, involving Constable Barradine, one of our favorite policemen

By Laurie York Erskine

CONSTABLE BARRADINE stood on the porch and looked out over the settlement of Garnet. From the air it would have appeared as an unfortunate bare spot in the rich, wide pelt of the forest, but from the police barracks above the river where Constable Barradine stood it had the homely aspect of a miniature village, impudently defying the wilderness. The air was bright and soft, with the scent and sparkle of spring sunlight after heavy rains. The short street of tidy frame houses was decorated by feathery plumes of early foliage and freshly blossoming shrubs. Behind Constable Barradine the river, swollen by the recent rainfall, grumbled a constant undertone to the cheerful chirruping of birds.

Constable Barradine, a stocky, tow-headed young man with blunt, rosy features of a cheerful and humorous tranquillity, smiled tolerantly as he followed with his eyes the departing figure of his superior officer. Corporal Carstairs, clad in his scarlet best, was quietly strolling toward the Presbyterian Mission.

Constable Barradine knew why Carstairs was going to the mission, and he knew it wasn't for the reason which the corporal religiously gave every Wednesday afternoon.

"A TORK to the older boys on Forest Fire Prevention," repeated Constable Barradine satirically to himself. "Oh, Cawpril Carstairs!" His rich Lime-house accent uttered the reproof with devastating coyness as he saw the brightly clad figure of the corporal fall in beside the even more attractive form of Sally Macklin, who, by something more than a coincidence, also visited the mission Wednesday afternoons for the purpose of what Constable Barradine described as "sewing socks for the ruddy 'eathen." With approval and esteem Constable Barradine watched the pair of them disappear within the mission. He then knocked out his pipe.

"No 'arm to dropping in for a smoke with old Frazer Macklin," he reflected as he walked toward the settlement. "No use for 'im to be warkin' abaht the tahn w'ile the cawpril's orf dooty." By which he meant that if Frazer Macklin should discover his daughter in the company of Corporal Carstairs there'd be trouble. Corporal Carstairs was a member of what Frazer Macklin referred to witheringly as "the educated classes," for which Frazer Macklin had no use. Remittance men, he considered them; so lacking in the pioneer virtues as to be worse than useless in a world that demanded physical resourcefulness and unflinching brawn.

At the trading store of Frazer Macklin, however, Constable Barradine found his good services uncalled for. At the back of the vast, shadowy room Macklin

was so deeply engaged in acrimonious debate with Mr. Dennison Mayflower—a farmer by courtesy, who was apparently also of the educated classes—that he failed even to notice the constable's entrance. So Constable Barradine seated himself quietly in a chair by the store window and, while pretending to read an Edmonton paper eighteen days old, listened intently to the singular quarrel going on behind his back.

The door opened, admitting Burrit Forster and Esau Gooley, trappers. While Constable Barradine seemed to

"Seems like he cut his foot with his axe while he was choppin' wood," he explained proudly. "An', bein' all alone there on his island, he bled to death, I guess."

"You saw him?" Macklin asked.

"We stopped off at his island on the way down yesterday," said Forster. "We was first down the river since the rains—and there he was by his cabin door, dead as a skinned rabbit. We didn't look too close."

Listening intently, Constable Barradine remained impassive in his chair.

"We was on our way home," explained Forster mildly. "There wasn't any pulling upstream, the river bein' the way it is. So we waited and come up by trail today."

"But twenty-four hours!" boomed the voice of Mr. Mayflower. "And Tillotson, alone, dead on that island. It might be a case for criminal investigation!"

"We was first to run the river since the rain," muttered Forster with wistful pride.

Constable Barradine continued to stare at his paper. Macklin turned savagely upon Mayflower.

"Aye!" he cried. "That's the way of the cities. Murder or suicide, robbery or arson! No poor devil can have an accident but what your city-bred mind sees something foul in it!"

Mr. Mayflower smiled tolerantly, further exasperating Macklin. The studied smartness of Mr. Mayflower's riding

breeches, his polished boots, his tweed coat and tailored shirt, so trimly adorned his well-built, middle-aged figure as to endow him with an irritating air of superiority. His gray eyes gazed downward from either side of a short, patrician nose; his clean-shaven sweep of jaw, cut by a wide, harsh mouth, was distinguished by an aristocratic gray mustache that matched his iron-gray hair.

"I'd advise you," he said, "to get in touch with Corporal Carstairs."

"Where is he?" demanded Forster.

FOR the first time Constable Barradine actually appeared to listen. He dropped his paper, revealing his brown service tunic.

"He's up at the mission," sneered Macklin wrathfully, "telling stories to boys."

"That's not charitable," murmured Mayflower.

"The truth seldom is!" snapped Macklin. "Not when it's told of remittance men, whether they wear the uniform of the Mounted Police, or fancy tweed riding clothes."

"Come," laughed Mayflower. "You've tried to keep the boy away from your daughter by fair means or foul. Now he's found a way to meet her openly and honestly; it's your cue to call quits."

"And yours to mind your own business! Carstairs is neglecting his duty. He's a clutter-

brained weakling of the cities. A remittance man!"

"Corporal Carstairs is an Oxford graduate, a gentleman of good family," murmured Mayflower deftly.

"A feckless fool!" snapped Macklin.

Constable Barradine arose and, placing the paper on the chair, walked briskly to the back of the store.

"Here's a job for you, Constable," said Mayflower.

"Tillotson's had an accident!" said Macklin.

"I 'eard," said Constable Barradine.



"A stone like this 'ere," suggested Barradine suddenly

continue to read, they passed to the back of the store without seeing him. In a flat monotone Forster broke dire news to the storekeeper.

"John Tillotson's cut his foot," said Forster. "Cut it real bad."

"Humph!" sniffed Macklin. "Need help?"

"He's past help," said Forster. "He's dead."

He paused for a moment as though to enjoy the effect of this disclosure, and then hurried on to forestall interruption.

"Cut his foot, hey? Bled to death, hey?" Frazer Macklin's body was drawn in such high tension, his lean face, bristling with reddish hair, was screwed up in such virulent excitement, that he seemed small and weakened in spite of his five feet eight of wiry frame.

"I says to Esau," continued Forster, "It ain't none of our business. Carstairs won't want us to touch him. That's what I said, didn't I, Esau? So we come right up here to tell you about it."

"Twenty-four hours later!" sneered Macklin.



"But you can't do it!" she cried. Her eyes blazed, intolerably blue. "You can't do this, Geoff, to me!"

Illustrated by
George Howe

He turned squarely upon Forster and Gooley. "You chaps shove orf to the mission an' get Cawpril Carstairs," he directed with authority. They shoved off. Constable Barradine turned back to Macklin. "I'm 'oppin' over to the bank," he said curtly.

"The bank?" snapped Macklin.

"Got to cash a check," said Barradine, and walked from the store.

"The man's daft!" said Macklin.

In the white clapboard building of the bank Constable Barradine strode to the wall desk and scribbled a check for five dollars. Handing it to the teller, he demanded the money in one-dollar bills. While young McKinley Duane counted out the money Barradine pressed confidentially against the wicket, watching him.

"Rum bloke, Tillotson," he murmured casually.

Duane glanced up quickly, flushed crimson, and lost count.

"'E's dead," said Constable Barradine.

This time Duane didn't fumble; as he shoved the bills toward Constable Barradine he was all too tensely calm.

"Dead?" he queried politely.

Constable Barradine gazed upon him intently. The young man stared back. He was pale and narrow faced, incongruously clad for clerical work in khaki breeches, high boots and heavy shirt. These details seemed to interest Barradine inordinately. His stare became oppressive.

"What do you want to know?" mur-

mured Duane at last. "I didn't know Tillotson. Only to talk to."

Barradine took out a small pocket diary.

"Febooary tenth," he said, "you wos with 'im in your room at Mrs. Purly's lodgin' 'ouse till two in the mornin'. Twelfth, thirteenth an' fifteenth, likewise. Twenty-third, you went to the island an' spent two dyes with 'im. March fourth, eleventh an' twelfth, 'e wos up 'ere. You palled with 'im all through April, an' larst week you wasn't 'arf chummy, you two, oh my, no."

"He took me on hunting trips."

"Lorlumme! Showed yer ware the river wos, eh?"

DUANE stood silent. The eyes of Constable Barradine wandered over his person until they lit upon a clumsily darned rent that marred the bosom of Duane's dark red Mackinaw shirt. It was at a point where a new button had been sewed on, replacing one of a set that was peculiarly designed to resemble plaited leather. Duane's hand fluttered to the spot. Constable Barradine smiled.

"It was Macklin!" whispered Duane suddenly. "You know, Sally Macklin and I—I've got an understanding with her father. When he asked me I had to do it."

"Do wot? Kill Tillotson?"

"Good God, no!" Duane's face turned gray.

"Wot then?"

"Go-between. Tillotson was blackmailing him."

Silently Barradine pressed the question.

"Something Tillotson had against him," jerked out the youth. "He was demanding money—I don't know why—but he demanded a small fortune—five thousand dollars as a starter. Macklin made me the go-between. Then a couple of weeks back Macklin went savage. I had to tell Tillotson it was all off. But he wouldn't take it. He swore he'd make trouble. That's all I know about it. I'll take my Bible oath!" The damp pallor of his anxiety was convincing.

"Then it ain't likely," reflected Barradine aloud, "that the poor blighter died by accident." He walked from the bank.

Returning to Macklin's store, Constable Barradine found Corporal Carstairs listening to the strange quarrel between Macklin and Mayflower.

"'Ad to see me banker, Cawpril," explained Barradine.

"You could have chosen a better time," said Carstairs. He was a tall, dark young man, honestly good-looking, who had won his stripes by dauntless patrol work in the barren lands. He had the clipped, courteous accent of his class, and a calm way of making everything he did or any garment he wore appear to be the only right thing to do or wear, which annoyed Macklin so that he snatched his overcoat and started for the door, snapping: "Like officer, like man."

Carstairs blushed cheerfully. Because he and fair-haired Sally Macklin had decided that the storekeeper was to be his father-in-law, he endured serenely the waspish little man's aspersions, although, gazing now at Macklin's spare figure in its shabby corduroys and much-darned red plaid mackinaw, he found it hard to repress a wish that Sally's father might more closely resemble the impeccable Mr. Mayflower.

"Will you lend us your skiff, Mr. Macklin?" he asked.

"Had you a mind for your work, Corporal," snapped Macklin, "you would remember that I reported my skiff as either stolen or washed away by the rains, ten days ago." He slammed out.

Carstairs flushed.

"We're going down to Tillotson's island," he said curtly to Barradine. "The stream's too high to paddle back again, so you ride down with three horses. Leave two of 'em at Trapper's Rock, below the island, then ride up to the trail's end. I'll come down by canoe and pick you up."

THE two policemen paced toward the barracks.

"What do you think?" asked Carstairs.

"Think I want to 'ave a look at the cawpse," said Barradine.

"I mean between Macklin and Mayflower. Macklin swears it's an accident; Mayflower insists it's a crime. Queer

(Continued on page 29)

Triumph

A Short Short Story
complete on this page

By Colette

NOT that I like it here, but it's better than shivering outside in the cold. . . . From the moment you come in here the heat clings to you like eiderdown. . . . And you breathe in all the odors of a tea-room: almond cream whip; chicken patties; the acrid bitterness of scalding tea; brandied cakes; burned crumbs from a piece of toast fallen into the flowers. Enveloping all, perfumes, perfumes on the women. . . .

There ought to be a penalty for manufacturing certain perfumes. Women with a sense of smell often crude, badly cultivated, try everything sold in little colored bottles and resist nothing with a sentimental label. . . .

I try to forget the discordant medley of odors in the air. Moreover, the perfumes my two pretty neighbors use are very nice. After a while I should tire of the sandalwood on the brunette and I am sure that behind the rose with which the blonde sprays herself lurks the vague offensiveness of fresh ink. But what of it? We're not going to pass all the rest of our lives together—that brunette, that blonde and I!

The brunette is pretty and the blonde—artificial—charming. But the brunette in the gray velvet frock glistens with the elegance, a little too obvious, which is the mode today. She wears flame-colored beads, a collar of silver fox, shining shoes with silver paste

buckles, long gloves that reach up to the elbows, a hat like a Watteau milkmaid.

Gluttonous women cease their chattering as she enters. Their envious looks enhance her beauty, as does a summer rain shimmering across the enameled feathers on a kingfisher's breast.

She is warm. She sways from side to side like a pigeon, her neck extended, her chin uplifted. She has two harmless little mannerisms, as recurring as a nervous twitch. They bespeak the conscious coquette. With her forefinger, she lays in place over her forehead one brown, recalcitrant curl, very fine. Thus she reveals the long, curved eyebrow and above it, her almond-shaped, tinted finger nail. Then she pats, pats the soft curls on the nape of her neck to follow the line of her hat. When she lifts her hand to her head, the eye takes in the round, firm breast that rises at the same time as her arm.

THE blonde . . . the blonde is very charming in her way. She is simply dressed in plaid woolen, with a tiny wool crêpe hat. Her smooth white neck is short, her mouth sensuous. Her nervous mannerisms do not aid her beauty. She throws out her chin, after the manner of a little dog, and she wrinkles up her nose like a baby seal, as, blinking its eyes, it comes from the water. It is not a pretty gesture. . . . I should like to tell her so . . . oh, well, never mind.

There she goes imitating, under the bombarding glances, her friend's little tricks. With one hand she taps below her little hat the golden hair cut low. Her breasts rise and fall under the thin dress. What a delight to the eyes to watch these

two perfectly tamed peacocks! The more beautiful one scorns, ever so little, the gentler one, and the latter, with a little quivering jealousy, imitates, yields, corrects herself.

A man arrives. Were they expecting him? I think so. For they both look up and exclaim at the same time, "Oh, hello," in a surprised tone.

Which one of them has he come to see, I wonder? I do not know. One puts a lump of sugar in his cup and pours his tea. The other offers him cakes. Impartial, courteous, he leans toward the blonde. Then gives all his attention to the words of the brunette. It seems to me the blonde is nervous. She throws out her chin, wrinkles up her nose, laughs a little too much.

Now, sitting there beside the rival, she looks ugly. . . . The man will have eyes only for the brunette, her gray dress, her softly powdered skin, her red forefinger, her round, firm breast outlined under the soft velvet. I lay my wager on the brunette . . . and I lose. Unconsciously not to be won, he turns toward the blonde. First, his body turns . . . very slightly . . . then the chair, with little, impatient hitchings. Now the blonde may just as well throw forward her chin, repeat that common gesture which shortens up her neck, crinkle her nose and show too much of the mouth above her irregular teeth. . . . She has nothing to risk by doing it now. Clearly, the man prefers her.

She has won him; and for a second her throat is touched with a faint color, like fruit tinted by the dawn's sunbeam.

And the brunette, troubled, unsure of herself, puts in a word or two. She is burning to know the secret of the victorious blonde. She ventures to imitate the wrinkling of the nose, the blinking of the eyelids, the puppy-like expression on the face, chin uplifted and teeth showing. . . .



Illustrated by
Howard Butler

What a delight to watch these two perfectly tamed peacocks! The more beautiful one scorns, ever so little, the gentler one

What could a fellow Do?

Johnny Doyle meets a girl on the subway and surprises his friends. A splendidly independent young man, Mr. Doyle!

By Elaine Sterne Carrington



"Looka here," he said, "do you mean you haven't any place to sleep?"

IT WAS not as though Johnny were hard-boiled. He was not. He said so repeatedly. He said, "I'm as soft-hearted as a chicken just out of its egg." He said, "When I go to the mo'om pitchures the tears roll down my cheeks." He said, "If anybody shoves an old lady in the subway I paste him." Soft-hearted. But not to girls. He had their number. He knew their gags. Girls, he was fond of saying, were the bunk!

It was partly the fault of Johnny's upbringing. His mother died when he was born. His father forgot about him. He was brought up in an asylum. There Johnny thrived. He had round, red cheeks and nice, wavy, dark hair and wide blue eyes and curling lashes. Everybody loved Johnny. Everybody made a fuss over Johnny. But something hard in Johnny refused to spoil, refused to be loved. He distrusted it. He hated women who patted his curls.

Coming out of the asylum, he found the world much the same as within its tall gates. He was strikingly good-looking now, with his hair just as wavy and nice as ever, his lashes just as long; but his eyes had grown colder, keener, and his mouth tighter. Not that he had anything against girls. Oh, no. But you would not catch him putting his head in the noose, being hog-tied!

Ah, you say, this is going to be the story of the One and Only Girl in the World, who came along and changed Johnny's view. Not at all. If anybody changed his views I never heard about it.

By the time he was twenty, he had a job as the head of a packing-room and eight men under him. He had an eye on the presidency of the concern. He knew where he was going and why. He had a room and bath of his own over on Second Avenue. He had furnished it himself. It had a kitchenette where he cooked his own breakfasts. He kept it as neat as a pin. He was inordinately proud of it.

When other boys went out with blind dates, and others not so blind, Johnny sat home and read the trade papers, read magazines disclosing the methods of successful men, read schoolbooks. When other boys spent their week's salary on trips to Atlantic City, Johnny put his in the savings bank. It was quite a tidy pile by now, and he had

made every red cent of it himself.

As for girls, he was wise to them; all they were looking for was a meal ticket, somewhere to park for life, somebody to foot the bills. A man was a sucker to marry. Why marry? Nobody would catch him! Not while he was conscious. He intended to get ahead. Way ahead. No bills for fur coats for him. No bills for baby clothes. Nix!

ALL of which was fine until Molly hove on the horizon. Ah, you say, what did we tell you? Enter the One and Only! But Molly was far from that. In the first place, when Johnny stepped out with a girl, he wanted a looker. Somebody with platinum hair and a cherry-red mouth, somebody drenched in perfume, somebody with class.

He had no trouble getting girls like that. They flocked around him like bees around honey. Not only was he a boy with a bank roll, a good job, a flat of his own, but he was a tough guy to interest. Add to that the fact that he had a contagious laugh, and a voice that got you somewhere along the spine, like music from a cello, good looks, and stood six feet two in his stocking feet, and you will see that all he had to do was to whistle and they came running.

One especially. A little pink-and-white doll who called herself Myrna St. Clair. She was cashier in the plate-glass kiosk at the entrance of a movie palace. She was young and beautiful and she adored the ground Johnny walked on. All he had to do was to glance in her direction. She would come flying.

He had taken her out intermittently when she came off the early shift. Hours from one to five. He liked to. She was a good egg. She was plenty showy. Men turned and stared at her. Girls eyed her clothes. She had a great line. She was a swell dancer and she made no demands. It was enough for her to have Johnny for an evening.

On this particular night he took her to Woodland. It was a new and garish restaurant where they had a good floor show. Johnny felt high that night. He had just had a raise. Even in these hard times. The boss himself had complimented him on the way he ran the packing-room. He had about decided he could afford an electric clock for his tiny living-bedroom. He thought more about it, if the truth be told, than about

the blond beauty sitting opposite him. Although she was all right too. Smiling at him, revealing her even, white teeth, looking tenderly at him under her mascaraed eyelashes.

"Johnny, don't you like me even a little?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"You never call me up."

"What for? I'm busy."

"Other fellows do."

"That let's me out."

"Johnny, you know I'm crazy about you."

"They all are."

"Don't you miss me when you don't see me?"

"Sure I miss you. That's why I came around and took you out tonight." He leaned over, patted her hand and grinned at her.

She had to be satisfied with that. You took what Johnny gave without questions.

They left Woodland around one o'clock. Johnny debated an instant taking a taxi, but dismissed the idea. Taxis cost money. The subway was good enough for any dame. They took the subway. He left Myrna at the door of her flat. She pouted and clung to his coat lapels, turning her face up to him temptingly. He kissed her red mouth, took out his handkerchief, wiped his own carefully, said, "See you in church" with a flip of his hand and moved away.

She called "Johnny!" plaintively; and when he turned, "Ain't you coming up for a drink?"

"Nope. Not tonight. I gotta work."

SHE watched him out of sight. He did not look back once. In the subway again he gave himself up to the delicious ecstasy of refurnishing his flat. Now that he had more money he might be able to afford new curtains. Perhaps chair coverings to match. Perhaps—

Someone touched his arm timidly. "Excuse me, but aren't you Johnny Doyle?"

He said "Sure," and looked down at the girl sitting next to him. She was a pale little thing with enormous brown eyes, brown hair, shabby clothes.

He frowned. "I don't think I know—"

She smiled. When she smiled her face looked younger and almost pretty. "Oh, you don't remember me. I was in the Home too. I'm Molly Stevens."

"Molly Stevens! Well, what do you know!" He thrust out his hand, and hers, thin and cold, crept into it. "You were just a little kid when I left there. I remember you. You used to sing, didn't you?"

"Yes. Sort of." She smiled again. "I'd know you anywhere."

After that a short silence fell. He said, "All that was a long time ago, wasn't it? Awful long." He glanced down at her coat, old, worn; at her shoes, neat but without style. "Well, how's the world treating you?"

"All right."

"Where do you live?"

"I live—" She stopped, swallowed. "I did live at a girl's house. Her mother rented me a room." She stopped.

"Where do you live now?"

She smiled. Shook her head. Suddenly, to his dismay, two large tears welled up in her eyes.

"What's the matter? Molly, are you out of work?"

She nodded. She said, "Oh, why did you have to go and ask me that?"

"Why not? Don't we sort of belong to the same family, if you know what I mean?"

SHE pulled out a handkerchief, wiped her eyes, said: "Well, forget about me. Tell me about you. You look fine."

"Let's forget me!" he said, and it was the first time he had ever said it. "Are you up against it, kid?"

"Sort of. I mean—just now. Everything will be all right, though. I—oh, Johnny, I wish I could have told you different!"

"Why? These are tough times. I know all about it. Looka here. Do you mean you haven't got any place to sleep? Is that why you're riding around on the subway this time of night?"

"Well, I—" She caught her lip between her teeth.

He said, "You come along with me," sternly. She was such a mite of a thing, and her eyes, much too big for her face, swam in tears.

"Oh, Johnny, you were always the kindest boy!"

"Sure! I got a heart of gold."

He piloted her out of the subway, up into the street, over a few blocks to the house in which he lived. "Here's home," he said.

She drew back, "Oh, but won't your wife mind?"



He said, "Well, if you gotta go, don't let me stop you." Myrna rose, smiling. "You don't mind my calling on your wife, do you, Johnny?"

"My wife!" He threw back his head and roared. "Say, did you think I was married? Not me!"

He led the way up to his flat. He was proud of it. He adored every stick of it. He had never shown it to a girl before. Molly more than repaid him in her rapture over it. She gazed around breathlessly, her thin little hands clasped together, her lips parted.

"Johnny! It's beautiful! And do you mean it's really yours?"

"Sure. Bought and paid for. The furniture, I mean. No installment plan, either. Oh, and come over here and pipe the kitchenette."

She sighed over it. "It looks just like the pictures in magazines."

He shot her a quick glance. Was this a line too? He decided not to be too pleased.

"Sit down while I go out and rustle you some grub. I bet you're starved."

"No, truly, I'm not a bit hungry." "Shut up, and sit down."

When he came back she had the kettle going and she had found some coffee. The smell of it, striking his nostrils as he opened the door, brought him to a standstill. Clever, these girls! Putting on coffee so the smell would soften you.

"Here's the food," he said, dumping the bag on the white-enameled table. "Go to it."

HE WATCHED her as she moved about swiftly, preparing it. She did not jabber all the time. He liked that about her, and the businesslike way in which she disposed of the paper bag, folding it carefully and laying it on a shelf for future use. He liked her economy. "Oh, Johnny, you needn't have bought so much. I'll put it in the ice box and you can eat it tomorrow."

She had set the table and she sat down opposite him. She ate without speaking. Ravenously. When she had finished she got up without a word and washed the dishes, dried them, put them back where they belonged. He sat and watched her approvingly.

Then she went to the chair on which she had laid her coat and hat, picked them up. "Thanks a lot," she said. "I'll never forget how good you've been." She slipped her arms into the coat.

"Hold on," he said, getting to his feet. "Where do you think you're going?"

She did not answer. She was pulling on the hat, buttoning the coat. He caught her shoulders. "Looka here, we're old friends, ain't we?"

She nodded. She was busy fumbling with the buttons, her head tucked in her coat collar.

"O. K., then. You're traveling in hard luck. Well, if I can't help a pal from the Home my name's not Doyle. You stay here tonight, see, kid, whether you like it or not."

SHE was sobbing. He could tell it by the jerk of her thin shoulders, the little strangled sounds. He said: "Hey, don't do that. What's the idea? You're staying here till you get a job, see? And I don't mean maybe."

He unbuttoned her coat, pulled it off, hung it up in the closet. Still she stood, with her head bowed and her shabby little hat tugged down over her brown hair. "Oh, Johnny, I don't know what I am going to do."

"I do. And I said it. You stay."

She took off her hat humbly.

He said: "This joint may not be swell enough for you, but you're going to like it. See that couch over there? That's your bed."

She looked around. "But what about you, Johnny?"

"Me? I'm going to fix up a swell bunk on a couple of chairs."

"Oh, but Johnny—"

"Come on. Snap into it. Give me a hand making my bed, can't you?"

She blinked the tears away. "Johnny, you're awful good!"

He said, "Who? Me? Don't make me laugh!"

Molly stayed on. Whenever she suggested timidly that perhaps she had better go out and look for work, Johnny roared at her: "Yeah, you want to leave

(Continued on page 43)

Illustrated by
Elmore Brown

The Swamp King

By Paul Annixter

The adventures of a tiny hero who was not afraid of life—or death

BLACKFOOT was the largest, the blackest—and the wisest—raccoon the great swamp had ever known. He was as unique a character in the low country as any of the famous wolves or foxes whose stories have become part of the annals of the North and Northwest. You can believe this narrative or not, as you choose, but if you really know coons, you will think twice before you brand any of it as impossible.

Because his intelligence was greater than the intelligence of any other animal known to the southern Indians, the raccoon was never harmed by them, and was called by a name which described him as a human brother in their pictorial language. Blackfoot lived up to that old-time reputation of his clan. He was a patriarch of his kind, beginning to grizzle about the fringes of his ruff; and that alone bespoke great wisdom, for ordinary coons do not live long nowadays in the swamp country.

Blackfoot's size was as remarkable as his cunning. He measured more than three feet, inclusive of his luxuriant, white-ringed brush, and if you were familiar with coon physiognomy you could have read much of his character in his sly, pointed mask. Beneath it were elegant white whiskers expressive of great cunning; his bright, knowing eyes under white brows were canny and tyrannous and humorous, all at once, and tinged at times with shadings of expression subtle as those of some old French diplomat. They were framed in a black band that covered half his face like a bandit's mask.

Nature had made no mistake in giving him that, for Blackfoot was more than a mere marauder. He was a highwayman born, a strategist, a very Talleyrand of the woods, practicing banditry not merely to eat but for love of the game itself.

TIME and again men and dogs had matched their wits against his, and Blackfoot had out-tricked them, play by play. More than one hunter of the region was on record as having sworn to be the one to bring in the pelt of the old coon, who was known to be the leader of the entire gang of marauding coons that lived in the great swamp and at regular intervals descended upon the fields and chickens of the farmers. But the seasons passed and Blackfoot continued to thrive. He had become a law unto himself in the great swamp.

One reason for this was that none had ever been able to discover Blackfoot's home. It was in a hollow high up in an aged sweetgum. The opening was not visible from the ground, and Blackfoot never entered by the front door direct. Coming home from a prowling he would climb some tree nearly a quarter of a mile away and proceed thence to his lodgings along an arboreal highway that led from bough to bough and tree to tree, which no man could find or dog smell out. Many a time after harrowing flight from a coon pack, he had gained his fortress thus, and slept while the world howled outside his walls.

It still lacked two hours of owl-light

one warm sultry day in September when Blackfoot emerged from his high domicile to go frogging. It was early to be abroad, but Blackfoot had long been a dweller in two worlds, dependent on his ripened craft to cope with men and daytime dangers. For a space, as always, he crouched motionless up in the shadow of the nest opening, his gray-black fur fading into the shade-mottled bark of the tree. His bright, sharp eyes scanned the forest world on every side; finally he maneuvered through the branches of three trees, very cautiously, for he was not born to the arboreal life, then backed slowly to the ground. There was a delicateness to all his movements that marks all those beasts of the more sagacious and philosophic turn—skunk, bear, coon, wolverine and badger.

AS DUSK slowly descended he prowled the banks of a swampy stream, looking for some mild deviltry to occupy him. Disdain was in his dainty, picking gait. The 'poorwills began singing their hymeneal in the deep thickets. This was the hour Blackfoot loved, time when the forest guard was changing from day to night, when bats took wing, and fish leaped clear of the water, with little splashes, after the insects that swirled above the stream. Time, too, when the big paint-green frogs sought their evening choir stalls among the lily pads.

fire that tingled the roots of his soft under fur, for fall is the high time of coons.

Presently he met another young coon, a freebooter like himself, but lacking his weathered craft. The two knew each other well; the other had often followed in Blackfoot's band. He wanted to team up now for a night's foray, but Blackfoot warned him off with a hard straight look from his gleaming little eyes.

From afar came the strange, incredibly wild and menacing call of a bull alligator as Blackfoot moved away. He circled through three miles of woods in the next hour, visiting a dozen hollow trees he knew, to read the evening news. They were natural and acknowledged coon stations and they gave Blackfoot a thorough olfactory report of the doings of all the coons in his demesne for two days past.

Finally he went frogging at one of his favorite places, a sandy bend of the river, where an old log lay with half its length floating in the water. Squatting on the end of the log he caught several frogs by lightning passes of his black hairless hands that could grip and hold far better than any claws. Everything he caught he carefully washed in the stream before eating, cleansing and recleansing it like the true "wash-bear" he was. Why all coons do this, even with food that comes from the water

Illustrated by
Harold Von Schmidt



Blackfoot's body wrapped about the neck of the dog like a deadly hood

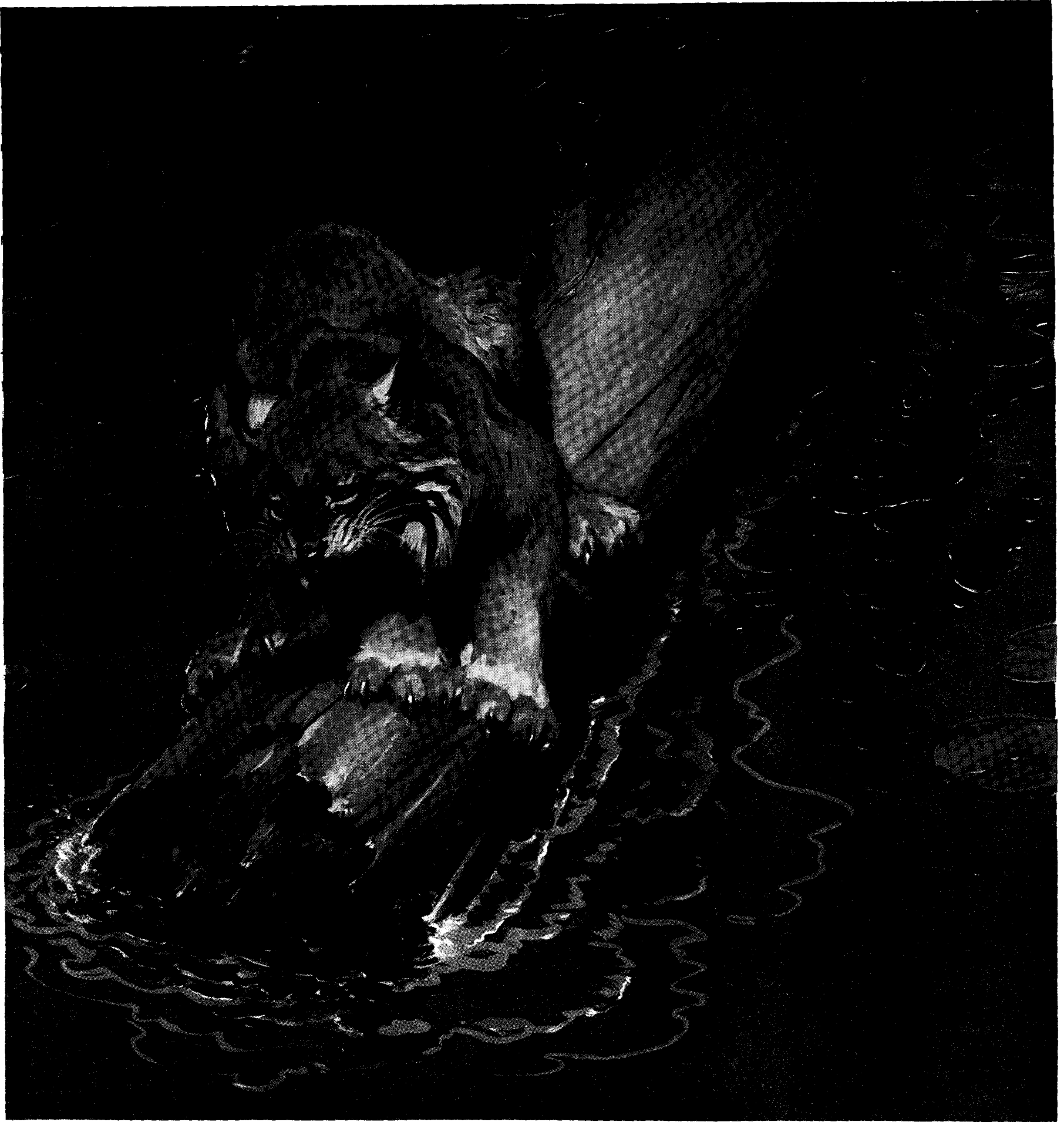
Profound, peaceful, hurrying for nothing, Blackfoot moved upstream, leaving his slim hand-like tracks in the mud. He glimpsed two weasels hurrying on errands of destruction; also old Fangs, the water rat, who fled gibbering into his hole. He passed several solid middle-class citizens, including Phit, the skunk, out for a stroll and advising everyone to mind his own business. Once a vagrant taint told him that Rufa, the dog fox, had passed close by—Rufa, who vied with him in craft and cunning. Blackfoot saw and heard everything and forgot nothing. His pulses throbbed with a queer ecstatic

itself, has never been clear. Some say it is a murderer's impulse to lave away the stains of crime.

AS THE night deepened there were slidy, lapping noises round about; occasional flappings of night birds' wings; sighs, as if the mud were smacking its lips, and now and then a sobbing dirge from the waters themselves. Many questionable creatures were known to haunt these banks—creatures whose natures tallied with the slow, relentless nature of the swamp itself—alligators, for one thing, and the loathsome cottonmouth, or water-moccasin.

But Blackfoot knew the ways of all of those; his sharp, pointed ears were delicate microphones, and his black, keen nose, second to none in the wilderness, winnowed every vagrant eddy of air.

Presently the old coon ceased puddling in the water. Something in the air that filtered through his nostrils had struck a false note. It came from none of the river dwellers. It was toward the blackness of the timber that Blackfoot turned, but his sharp eyes probed the shadows in vain. No sound came to tally with his unease, yet he knew something was wrong. The nerves that con-



Flame-eyed, his tufted ears laid flat in horror, the killer was scrambling desperately to keep his balance

nected with his sense of smell had twanged a warning and he became as rigid as if cast in stone.

So it was that when an undue silence fell over the smaller night voices, Blackfoot was forewarned by a full minute. A turtle dove that had been cooing in the dense blackness of the larches was suddenly silent; Hyla, the tree toad, left off his chirring song which was so much a part of the night stillness that the silence that followed was brittle.

For a space then nothing stirred; not a needle-point of sound pricked the silence. But Blackfoot knew that death lurked by the river bank. He had

caught the momentary glow of pale eyes.

The owner of the night lights was a big gray lynx, most feared of all the killers of the swamp. This was Blackfoot's one dangerous enemy in the region. A long-lived feud existed between them and never a night passed but the lynx sought to annihilate the coon. Nominally, which is to say fang to fang and on the ground, the lynx was lord of the region, but his rule was completely undermined by Blackfoot's wily banditry. The big cat was a terrible fighter, as the coon knew, but this menace was negligible because of Blackfoot's prowess in the trees. Also because of the old

coon's wits. In the forest, it is more often than not the beast with the greatest wile that wins, regardless of size. The lynx was capable of only about two ideas a year. Blackfoot, like man, could think of two or three things at one and the same moment.

INCH by inch the lynx crept down the bank in the effortless and seemingly bodyless manner of his kind. His big, oversize feet might have been wrapped in eider-down for all the sound they made. And Blackfoot? To all appearances he had not yet noticed the artful stalker, and would not if he could. He

sat on the log, pulling his ruff and whiskers with slim black fingers, a habit of his when perturbed, his eyes fixed on an imaginary object out in the water. The lucifer was completely taken in.... Then came the rush, swift as a lance thrust, silent as a puff of gray smoke. With a spitting snarl of triumph the lynx struck, his big saber claws sinking deep and ripping. But it was rotting wood they ripped—nothing more. The place where Blackfoot had sat was empty.

Forty feet downstream the raccoon popped to the surface. On the bank he paused to watch. The lynx was teeter-

ing on the unsteady log, glaring in stupid wrath at the place where Blackfoot had disappeared in the stream. What wits he had, had been scattered to the four winds when the log, sinking under his weight, had doused him with a tubful of cold water. And of all things, he abhorred cold water most.

Phosphor-eyed, literally on end with wrath, he leaped ashore and, lifting one after the other of his big, ungainly legs, shook them free of the hated wetness. Then his spectral gray shape, symbol of murder and death to all swamp dwellers, went bounding grotesquely away among the moss-bearded larches, as if fearful of the forest laughing at his humiliation.

The night was still young when Blackfoot, puddling on the river bank, came upon a dragging trail. Two minutes later his nose had him sampling the rarest delicacy on the bill of fare of those parts—a nest of small, parchment-shelled turtle eggs hidden in the sand. As he settled to the feast, a shadow emerged from the woods. The young coon, filled with some strange passion to be near his leader, had followed all evening. He tried to reach into the nest, but Blackfoot fell upon him, bit him through an ear, and sent him whimpering into the thickets.

THE masked one's banquet was interrupted again by a faint, long-drawn sound that started distant echoes in the dripping woods. Another sound took it up, rising to a wailing din, broken through at intervals by deep-toned yelping bellows. The coon pack was out! Worse, there were men with it, for a piercing whistle sounded presently and the voice of the pack died down.

Blackfoot had been expecting a hunt; it was quite in order, after that raid of his. That was why he had been so testy with the young coon. He sat up fingering his ruff and chin again to stimulate the ideas that came shuttling through his brain. His mouth opened and he seemed to grin.

He was waiting for the voice of Grappler, the one coon-hound in the settlement's mongrel pack, the only true coon-teller. He heard it presently.

Near and nearer came the hound chorus, and presently Blackfoot stepped into the water and waded some twenty yards along shore. He knew many more ways of hindering a pack, but at present there was no need to exert his wits.

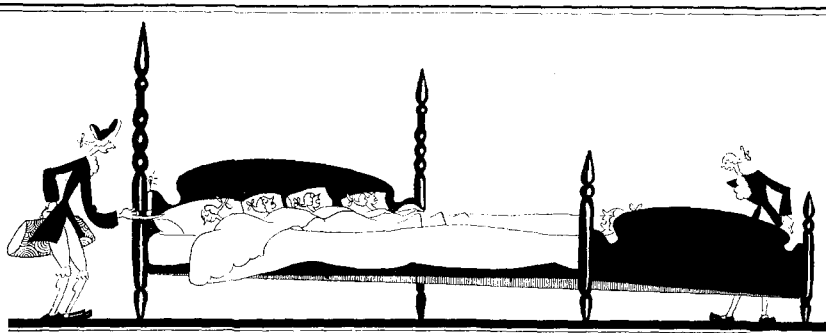
He came ashore in a soggy place and started leisurely toward Cash Creek, a mile away, when the hue and cry of the hunt suddenly changed—became an unearthly, hellish outburst as the pack topped a knoll less than a quarter of a mile away. The chase swept directly toward him, the dogs voicing the short frenzied yips that meant fresh trail. Blackfoot saw it all in a moment—the blundering young coon had drawn the pack on his trail and, to make it worse, he was leading them straight in Blackfoot's direction.

The old leader caught the desperate gleam in the eyes of the youngster as he scrambled up a tree. Six trees away Blackfoot was climbing too, seeking the treetop route home.

Then the pack came rushing beneath the young coon's tree. Blackfoot, from aloft, saw it all. The youngster scrambled to another tree, but the dogs yelped beneath it till the men came with lanterns.

Blackfoot watched while the dogs yelped under the tree and the men walked about trying to "shine" the eyes of the young coon with a lantern they carried. The youngster, half paralyzed with fear, was not wily enough to hide his head, and one of the men, climbing part way up the tree with the lantern, finally spotted his gleaming little eyes.

There is as set and ancient an eti-



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The first hotel to specialize in renting entire rooms to individual guests opened in Boston in 1829 and startled the innkeepers of the world. Before that time it was the universal custom to rent one room to several travelers, usually strangers to one another, who slept together in one large bed.—By Ralph Kyle, Boston, Massachusetts.

The largest marionette show ever assembled, the Teatro dei Piccoli, comprising 800 puppets, 300 scenes and 30 operators, has just completed its 12,000th performance before 10,000,000 persons in 30 countries. Some of the little "actors" go through such intricate acts that they require 30 wires and four operators at a time.

In Germany church revenue is collected by the state through a 10 per cent additional tax that is imposed on church members. Since 1919 this tax has proved to be such a burden that more than 3,100,000 adherents have renounced their religion to avoid paying it.

Olives, which are usually thought of as a relish, are really of high food value. In fact, five green olives contain the same amount of nourishment as an egg.

Boutirki Prison in Moscow once used—and perhaps still uses—a method of mental torture that closely approached living burial. It was detention in the Cork Room, a windowless, sound-proof cell, the blackness and absolute silence of which so affected a prisoner's nerves that he usually committed suicide.

Up to a few years ago in Sardinia, animals were used as court witnesses. When a solitary householder killed an alleged burglar, he was brought to trial and made to swear that the homicide was justifiable before one of his dogs, cats or birds that witnessed it. If the animal did not manifest some contradictory sign, the prisoner was set free.

For bad riots and other serious emergencies in which tear gas proves ineffectual, America now has a new and stronger "sickening gas," made in grenades, candles and riot-gun projectiles, one deep inhalation of which quickly produces dizziness, nausea and general incapacitation.—By C. L. Cottle, Gadsden, Alabama.

Dried peas exert such tremendous pressure when swelling with moisture that a number of them packed in a crack in a tree and soaked with water will split the trunk as they swell to their maximum size.—By C. T. Mason, Montreal, Canada.

During the 18th century in England, famous personages had life-size wax effigies of themselves carried at their funerals; bank clerks received a large part of their income in tips from depositors; and society ladies carried back-scratchers on all formal occasions.

Although pendulum clocks keep perfect time over a period of 24 hours, their mechanism is affected slightly twice each day by the gravity pull of the moon.—By H. P. Roth, Los Angeles, California.

The most astonishing feat performed by any of the religious mendicants of India today is the one in which a 60-pound boy is placed in a sling and lifted a foot from the ground by means of two cords attached by metallic caps to the inside of the beggar's eyelids.

In Japan, the art of decorative and symbolic flower arrangement is an important part of the education of every girl and boy, and courses in it are taught in a large number of schools and colleges. There are even laws for the dress and behavior of the flower-master while he is at work.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

foot arrived, launching out of the vaulted blackness above and landing in the very center of the scrimmage, barking fierce defiance at men and mongrels.

The thing was most irregular and disconcerting, to say the least. Never before had the hunters met a coon who brought the battle to them against such odds. The very surprise of the thing flung the pack asunder in the nick of time, for the young coon was on his back.

Old Sam Wetherwax jerked Dade's arm. "It's him—it's the old one himself," he said hoarsely. "I've seen him before. Lookit the size of him." And he dived past the other for his gun.

The law of the coon-hunt might have been broken that night, for Wetherwax was a long-suffering poultryman, but by the time he reached his rifle Blackfoot had disappeared. With short screaming yelps of madness the five dogs surged over him in a wave, and for a minute thereafter nothing was visible but a whirling, many-colored wheel of dogs, nose-hubbed with heaving sterns. Then the wave broke and the great raccoon, torn and bleeding, but with a mien of unquenchable defiance, upreared like a boxer.

The young coon was on his feet too, and somehow the two of them kept together through the bloody mêlée that followed. They were terrible and quiet, fighting without sound, leaving the din to the dogs. On the side line stood the men, staring dumbly, forgetting their guns, gripped by the biggest thing in fights they had seen in years.

The old coon's fighting tactics might have been likened to those of an armed duelist mobbed by thugs. For the most part he depended upon his long, razor-edged claws, which ripped red furrows every time they got home. Only in the brief clinches did he bring his dirk-like fighting teeth into play.

WITHIN a minute three of the dogs had leaped back howling, with necks gashed or forepaws crunched and bitten through by an enemy who was as hard to hold as quicksilver, who broke their grips again and again by slipping imperceptibly within his own loose hide. That hide was extraordinarily heavy, and loose as an overcoat, and its long guard-hairs, bristling with rage, made the coon seem twice his actual size. Momentarily, though, it seemed as if the coons must be overwhelmed by numbers, but at the crucial moment Blackfoot would elude the pack by a series of rushes and side steps, and make a new stand where the dogs could not close in from his rear. It was science against numbers, but the odds were killing. It could not last.

Blackfoot realized it and, wily fighter that he was, he suddenly changed his tactics. With the young coon beside him, he backed beneath a low-branching larch where the dogs had to come in one at a time. A momentary lull while the pack milled and reformed, and it was Blackfoot's move. He took it. The lanky hound he clinched with was too astounded at the sudden shift from defensive to offensive to guard his throat. As the two of them rolled kicking among the bushes, Blackfoot's body wrapped about the neck and shoulders of the dog like a deadly hood. Their threshing upset the lantern. The blackness that ensued was all in Blackfoot's favor. When that hound dragged himself yelping into the thickets, it was to stay.

Baldy, the biggest of the mongrels, fearless and ugly, and the color of dirt, rallied the dogs to another concerted charge. In the middle of it Blackfoot saw his chance. As the young coon closed with Grappler, the leader leaped upon Baldy, uttering the fierce, grating battle-cry of his kind. Alternately

(Continued on page 28)

A Statesman's Eyes

I RECALL once hearing the tart-tongued Caraway of Arkansas say to Senator Borah, "I marvel at your great state's choice of senators: one of the two has brains."

Politics has played a scurvy trick on the late Caraway himself by causing his widow, the present senator, to contract a political mésalliance with Huey Long. It would be interesting to hear the late Caraway make a dispassionate comment on this political affair.

But I return to Borah, whoever his colleague was at the time when Caraway remarked upon the ill assortment of the two Idaho senators, only to say that whenever a state elects one senator who has brains, it invariably strikes a happy medium in the scale of popular representation by sending another to sit alongside him who is innocent of any such impediment.

The most oddly assorted pair from any one state in the Senate are the two from Oklahoma, Thomas P. Gore and Elmer Thomas. While Mr. Gore is blithely remarking, "If we must inflate the currency, why don't we license all the counterfeiters? That would get the money into the hands of the people," his colleague, Mr. Thomas, is shouting triumphantly that his inflation bill "will take \$200,000,000,000 from the hands of those who have it, including the bank depositors, and give it to the debtors," which—even on his showing—wouldn't get the money into the hands of the people but would merely give us a new pauper class.

The two senators not only differ about inflation or non-inflation but they differ in the temper they show when they talk about money. Mr. Gore is good-humored and witty when he talks about money. He is sure he is right and does not seem to care whether he makes any converts or not.

Mr. Thomas is always angry, angry as the prophet Jeremiah, or whoever was the worst-tempered of the Old Testament prophets. He is full of threats, like his threat to take all the bank deposits away from the depositors and give them to someone else.

Why Not Joke About It?

I should say, looking at him, that Mr. Thomas was just old enough to take his first active interest in politics in 1896, when Bryan was roaring about the land in favor of inflation and when "Coin" Harvey had written the last word on money. Mr. Thomas got his ideas on currency then. His mind froze up, so far as inflation goes, as solidly as the assets of a closed bank. For thirty-seven years, until a few weeks ago, the nation turned its back on the light and went sinfully after the cross of gold. Wouldn't it be enough to sour your temper to see a nation follow after false gods so long? Wouldn't it make you mad?

Mr. Gore remarks—but not apropos of his colleague, for that wouldn't be according to Hoyle—but generally, "The worst monomania is the money mania. Never argue with anyone about money. If he wants to talk about it he already knows all about it. He wouldn't want to talk about it if he didn't."

Mr. Gore won't argue with anyone about money. He will emit a witticism about it. He will brilliantly review for the Senate the history of this nation's and other nations' experiences with inflation, beginning with England in the seventeenth century and quoting freely from the famous historians, telling how Macaulay in chapter twenty-one re-

marks that the only mistake made by the English statesmen who proposed to substitute a nine-pence shilling for a twelve-pence shilling was in thinking that by making a yardstick twenty-seven inches instead of thirty-six inches long they were going to increase the size of England.

I hope I quote this correctly. Mr. Gore, having no recourse but his memory, quotes with astonishing freedom and accuracy, while I, who might look it up in Macaulay, don't and let near enough do. Then with a witticism or two of his own, for he is the wittiest man in the Senate, he lets the money mania go its way. For being widely read in history and something of a philosopher to boot, he knows that men never learn from experience and that every generation, in this country at least, has to try inflation or, short of that, to debate it fiercely. We are just having another attack.

I suppose everyone knows that Senator Gore is blind. The blind are notoriously cheerful, perhaps because they are spared the sight of this world. And if they have good minds, they are likely to be philosophical. They take a longer

view of things than the average person. They are not so concentrated on the present as the rest of us, with our eyes perpetually attacked by visual images of the actual.

What do you suppose is the senator's greatest passion? Books. He is one of the country's greatest frequenters of old bookstalls. He has a large collection of old books, mostly historical, and is constantly adding to it.

Handicap Odds

I told him there were compensations for disabilities, remarking upon his memory. "Yes," he said, "you can discipline the memory if you have to. Look at the blacksmith's right arm. It is two inches bigger round than his left arm because he's always using it." Then he added: "I always say, 'Bet on the handicapped horse.'" One thinks of the President, confined to his chair by his disability, and of his enormous capacity for work, partly by reason of that fact, and of the poise that he has from conquering something so terrible that nothing else seems worth worrying about.

The Oklahoma senator has been a

handicapped horse for a long time. The sight of his right eye was destroyed when he was eight years old. And three years later his left eye was destroyed by a blowgun that he had presented to a playmate. That was fifty-one years ago. He was at that time a page boy in the Mississippi Senate, and living in the home of Senator George, a famous member of the United States Senate from Mississippi. Five or six years later, a book about self-made Americans having been read to him, he conceived his ambition to be a member of the United States Senate.

When he was twenty-two he was graduated from the law department of Cumberland University in Tennessee. He moved to Texas in 1896 and to Oklahoma in 1901. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1907 for a short term and again in 1909 and in 1914. He was then defeated for renomination in 1920 and returned to the Senate on March 4, 1931. If he had not been defeated in 1920 he would now be chairman of the most important committee of the Senate, the Finance Committee.

The gentleman from Oklahoma is



Underwood & Underwood

Blind Senators Schall of Minnesota and Gore of Oklahoma try out their new red-and-white canes on Washington's streets

more than a wit with a well-filled mind and an historical sense. He has firm opinions. He went out of the Senate in 1920 for taking the unpopular side of an issue. He voted against the declaration of war in 1917. He voted against conscription, until after, as he explained, the historic practice of calling for volunteers should be tried and volunteers exhausted. He voted against the bill giving Mr. Hoover authority to fix the prices of farm products and believes that farm troubles today are due to forcing the farmers to sell at fixed prices while everybody else was allowed to profiteer. He voted against the government's taking over the railroads. For those votes he was stamped as anti-war, or anti-Wilson, and defeated. Those votes tell how his mind works.

There's one thing he boasts of. "I never voted a dollar out of the United States Treasury into anybody else's pocket. No, I'll take that back. I voted for a pension to the widow of the doctor who discovered that yellow fever was caused by the mosquito, and died discovering it. That's the only instance." You see he is of different stuff from the senators who cower before the veterans' lobby.

When he speaks in the Senate, he always has a piece of paper in his right hand, waves it about as he gesticulates, appears to look at it. He reels off figure after figure in the millions or the billions down to the last unit. He recites date after date. You would swear that he is referring to notes. But of course he can't be. "It's a mannerism," he says. "I ought to stop it. I have the bill I am discussing in my pocket and take it out in my hand."

Fu Manchu's Bride

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

FIGHTING a mysterious plague which is ravaging southern France, Dr. Petrie, noted English scientist, evolves an antidote—and, himself stricken, dies. Searching frantically for the formula of the antidote, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, ex-Scotland Yard operative, and young Alan Sterling (who tells the story), fail to find it. Then, in the course of a series of weird adventures, they make a shocking discovery: The formula has been stolen by a master criminal—a monster who is plotting to gain control of the world: Dr. Fu Manchu! . . . Sir Denis goes to Berlin. In his absence, Sterling is captured by Fu Manchu's hirelings (dacoits—Burmese killers) and spirited to a mysterious laboratory. Fu Manchu, a distinguished Oriental, greets him, introduces him to his "assistants": all famous scientists—and all long dead! . . .

A prisoner in that strange establishment (where secret doors lead from one room of wonders to another, and innumerable sinister experiments are being made), Sterling thinks often of a girl. She is, he knows, called "Fleurette"; and she is very beautiful. Having met her once, by chance, he cannot forget her. He wonders who she is, what she is. His questions are answered—in Fu Manchu's stronghold. The girl is there. They meet frequently, fall madly in love. Another beautiful woman is there also: Fu Manchu's fascinating daughter, Fahl Lo Suee. From her Sterling learns much of Fleurette—and the "Doctor's" nefarious machinations. As the head of Si-Fan, a powerful secret society, Fu Manchu is soon to open his "war on the world." He wants a son. It is to be Fleurette's duty to bear him one! . . .

The laboratory—in the villa of Ste. Claire de la Roche, on the Mediterranean coast—is well guarded. But Sterling, finding Fu Manchu in an opium dream, succeeds in making his escape. Outside, in the darkness, he encounters—Sir Denis! Sterling narrates his adventures. Sir Denis listens. Then—"We must work quickly. The whole world is in peril. A fly is spreading the plague. Fu Manchu has bred millions of them—he is distributing them to Si-Fan centers everywhere. We must find that formula!" He pauses. His face is drawn. "Sterling," he whispers, "Petrie was never buried. The body of a dacoit, substituted for his body, was buried in his place. He, or his body, is in that laboratory. A police boat is waiting within call—I will keep in touch with it. You must go back—you must find Petrie! If we do not hear from you within half an hour, we shall raid the house at once." . . . Sterling slips back to the villa. He enters, searches for Petrie—and encounters Fleurette, who confesses her love for him. She then leads him to the room in which Petrie lies. Petrie is alive, but very weak. A few whispered sentences. Then in an excited voice—"Sterling, you say Sir Denis is here. Quick—hand me that writing pad!"

VIII

I DID as Petrie directed—I could see that it would be useless to object. "Lift me up," he went on. "It's going to be a struggle to write, but it has to be done—in case—of—accidents."

"What, Petrie? Why is all this necessary?"

He shook his head and began very slowly to write. Bending over him, I



"Millions of useless lives cumber the world today."



saw that he was writing a prescription.

The truth dawned upon me!

"654?"

He nodded and went on writing. For a moment he paused, and:

"This must be circulated throughout the world," he whispered weakly—"without delay."

He glanced over what he had written, and nodded his wish to be laid back upon the pillows.

This accomplished, I tore the sheet off the pad, folded it, and slipped it carefully into a pocket of my overalls.

"Now, bolt!" he whispered. "Bolt for your life while there's a chance. Everything depends upon your success."

I had turned to go—when, unaided, he suddenly sat upright in bed, his eyes fixed upon the open door.

"Alan!" I heard softly.

I turned in time to see Fleurette's head hurriedly withdrawn. Someone was coming!

"Sterling! Sterling!" Petrie clutched my shoulder; his eyes were suddenly wild. "Who was that at the door?"

"A friend . . . you need not be afraid . . . Fleurette."

"Fleurette? My God! Am I growing delirious?"

I assisted him back onto his pillows. His manner was alarmingly strange.

"Who is she?" he asked tensely.

"She is a victim of Dr. Fu Manchu—but we are going to get her away."

"Great heaven!" He closed his eyes. "Can it be true? Is it possible? . . . Don't wait, Sterling—Go . . . go!"

Indeed I knew that I had no alternative; and, squeezing his hand hard, I ran out of the room.

Fleurette was standing just beyond the door which she closed instantly upon my appearance.

"Someone is coming!" she said, in a low voice. "I think it is Companion Yamamata. Quick—this way!"

She led me along a short passage to the head of a descending stair.

"Don't make a noise," she warned.

WE CREPT to the bottom, my arm about her waist.

"Who is Dr. Petrie?" she whispered. "He stared at me as though he knew me; yet I have never seen him in my life before."

"He is one of my oldest friends," I replied, "and unfortunately I hadn't time to ask him. But I saw how he looked at you. Yes, he thinks he knows you—"

And now I wondered what knowledge was common to Dr. Petrie and Sir Denis but not shared by me. . . .

Both had recognized Fleurette!

We turned a corner and I saw that we stood directly under a little green lamp.

"There is your way," said Fleurette, "straight ahead. It is the door onto the terrace."

At which moment I realized that we

were standing directly outside her room!

"Darling, at last!" I exclaimed, and felt my heart leap. "Come on! Hurry! There isn't a moment to waste!"

She slipped by me and opened the door of her room. I stared at her in blank amazement—and her expression baffled me. She took my hand, pulled me gently forward . . . and then closed the door.

"Someone might see or hear us in the corridor," she said. "We are safe here. Please say goodbye to me."

"What!"

She watched me and, in the dim light of that room which Nayland Smith had described as the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty, her eyes looked like violets wet with dew.

"What did you think I meant to do?" she asked softly. "I have never cared for anyone before. I suppose I am to blame because I cared for you. But although you have not told me—I know what you think of Dr. Fu Manchu . . . of all of us. You belong to the poor, ignorant world. You are not really one of us. You are a spy."

I tried to take her in my arms, but she eluded me.

"Fleurette! This is madness!"

"The world is mad—Alan." That moment of hesitation before my name was a rainbow. "But you belong to it and you must go back. I should hate to believe that you could think me capable of deserting those who have never denied me anything as long as I can remember. No, dear, I sink or swim with my friends! I am betraying them



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Among them I must now include your own"

now, by letting you go. But the moment you have reached safety—I shall warn them."

"Fleurette!"

"If I could love you without wronging them, I would—but I can't." She rested her hands on my shoulders. "Please say goodbye to me. You must hurry—you must hurry!"

Then she was in my arms, and as her lips met mine I knew that the greatest decision of my life was being asked of me.

The philosophy of a young girl, crazy though it may be, is intensely difficult to upset—and beyond doubt there was fatalism in Fleurette's blood. Yet—how could I let her go?

My heart seemed to me to be beating like a steam hammer. I wanted to pick her up, to carry her from that accursed house. She began to plead.

"If you force me to go," I said, "I shall get you back—follow you if necessary all around the world."

"It would be useless. I can never belong to you—I belong to him."

I wanted to curse the name of Fu Manchu and to curse all his works. Knowing as I knew that he was a devil incarnate, a monster, an evil superhuman, the monument which he stood for in the mind of this beautiful child—for she was little more—was a shrine I yearned to shatter.

Yet, for all the frenzy of passion which burned me up, enough of common sense remained to warn me that this was not the time; that such an attempt must be worse than futile.

I held her tightly, cruelly, kissing her

eyes, her hair, her neck, her shoulders. I found myself on the verge of something resembling hysteria.

"I can't leave you here!" I said hoarsely; "I won't—I daren't. . . ."

A dim throbbing sound had become perceptible. This at first I had believed to be a product of excitement. But now Fleurette seemed to grow suddenly rigid in my arms. . . .

"Oh, God!" she whispered—"Quick! Quick! Someone has found out! Listen!"

A cold chill succeeded fever.

"They are closing the section doors! Quick, for your life . . . and for my sake!"

IT WAS inevitable. For her sake?—Yes! If I should be found there . . .

She sprang to the control button.

The door remained closed.

She twisted about, her back pressed against the door, her arms outstretched—such terror in her eyes as I had hoped never to see there.

"All the doors have been locked as well," she whispered. "It is impossible to get out!"

"But, Fleurette—" I began.

"It's useless! It's hopeless!"

"But if I am found here?"

"It's unavoidable now."

"I could hide."

"No one can hide from him. He could force me to tell him."

Her lips began to tremble, and I groaned impotently, knowing well that I could do nothing to comfort her—that I, and I alone, was the cause of this disaster about to fall.

And throughout those dreadful moments, the vibration of the descending doors might faintly be detected, together with that muted gong note which I had learned to dread.

"There must be something we can do!"

"There is nothing." Silence.

The section doors were closed.

And in that stillness I seemed to live again through years of life. I had in my pocket the means of saving the world. Useless, now! Within call, perhaps within sight from the terrace, eagerly awaiting me, was Sir Denis—freedom—sanity!

And here was I, helpless as a mouse in a trap, awaiting . . . what?

My heart, which had been beating so rapidly, seemed to check, to grow cold; my brain jibbed at the task.

What would be Fleurette's fate if I were discovered there, in her room, by Dr. Fu Manchu?

MANY minutes elapsed, every one laden with menace. Then—came that eerie note which I knew.

Fleurette stood quite still. Used now to its significance and purpose, I could detect the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet, given at a speed which only an adept could have followed.

The flutelike signaling sound ceased. Fleurette dropped into an armchair, looking up at me, hopelessly.

"They are searching for you," she said, in a dull tone. "He doesn't know yet."

I stood there dumb of tongue and numb of brain for long moments; then, ideas began to come. Someone had called me—possibly Trenck—and I had not replied. Nayland Smith had received those messages.

What had they been and how had he construed them?

THIS uncertainty only added to the madness of the situation. I had an idea born of experience.

"Fleurette," I said, dropping upon my knees beside her, "why could I not have come in here as you came into my room when the alarm sounded?"

She looked at me; her face was like a beautiful mask: immutable, expressionless.

"It would be useless," she replied. "No one can lie to Dr. Fu Manchu."

And I accepted the finality of those words, for I believed them. I sprang upright. I had become aware of a faint, distant vibration.

"Can the doors be raised separately?"

"Yes; any one of them can be raised alone."

I stepped across the room and pressed the control button. There was no response. I bent close to the metal, listening intently. I formed the impression, and it was a definitely horrible impression, that the control doors were being raised, one by one . . . that someone was approaching this room in which I was trapped with Fleurette.

Beyond doubt that ominous sound was growing nearer—growing in volume. And finally the vibration grew so great that I could feel it upon the metal against which my head rested.

I stepped back—my fists automatically clenched.

The door slid open—and Dr. Fu Manchu stood there watching me!

His majestic calm was terrible. Those long, brilliant eyes glanced aside and I knew that he was studying Fleurette.

"Woman—the lever which a word can bend," he said softly.

He made a signal with his long-nailed hand and two of his Chinese servants sprang in.

I stepped back, debating my course.

"Heroics are uncalled for," he added, "and could profit no one."

For an instant I glanced aside at Fleurette. Her beautiful eyes were raised to Dr. Fu Manchu, and her expression was that of a saint who is given

a glimpse of the Holy Vision!

He spoke rapidly in Chinese and entered the room, giving me not another glance. My arms were grasped and I found myself propelled forcibly out into the corridor. The strength of these little mobile men was amazing.

The section door at the corner where those stairs terminated which led down to the radio research room was not yet fully raised: two feet or more still protruded from the slot in the ceiling which accommodated it.

Our human brains possess very definite limitations: mine had reached the end of endurance.

My memory registers a blank from the moment that I left Fleurette's room to that when I found myself



seated in a hard, high-backed chair in the memorable study of Dr. Fu Manchu. Beside me Yamamata was seated, and at the moment at which I suppose my brain began to function again—suddenly that door which I knew led into the palm-house opened, and Fah Lo Suee came in.

She wore a white silk pajama suit, and was smoking a cigarette in a jade holder. One glance I received from her unfathomable eyes—but if it conveyed a message, the message failed to reach me.

She closed the door by which she had entered and dropped onto a little settee close beside it.

I glanced at Yamamata. His yellow skin was clammy with perspiration. In doing so I noticed that the door in the archway was open—and now through the opening came Dr. Fu Manchu; silent—with catlike dignity.

The door closed behind him.

Yamamata stood up, and so did Fah Lo Suee. It was farcically like a court of law. I wrenched my head aside, clenching my teeth. My passion for Fleurette had thrown true perspective out of focus.

This man who assumed the airs of an emperor was, in fact, a common criminal: the hangman awaited him. And then I heard his guttural voice:

"Stand up!"

All that was *me*, all that I had proudly been wont to regard as my personality, fought against this command—for a command it was. Yet—the plain fact must be recorded—I stood up. . . .

HE TOOK his seat in the dragon-carved chair behind the big table. I had kept my eyes deliberately averted, but now, in the silence which followed, I stole a glance at him. He was staring intently at Fah Lo Suee.

Suddenly he spoke:

"Companion Yamamata," he said softly, "you may go."

Yamamata sprang up; I saw his lips move, but no sound issued from them. He bowed, and opening the door which led into the big laboratory, went out.

Dr. Fu Manchu began to speak rapidly in Chinese, and at the end of the first sentence Fah Lo Suee, dropping her jade cigarette holder into a bronze tray upon the floor, came down to her knees on the carpet and buried that evilly beautiful face in upraised hands—delicate ivory hands—patrician hands—shadows, etherealized, of those of her formidable father.

He continued to speak and she shrank lower and lower, but spoke no word—uttered no sound. Then:

"Alan Sterling," he said, suddenly expressing himself in English, "the ill-directed cunning of one woman and the frailty of another have taken your fate out of my control. There are men to whom women are dangerous—you, unhappily, would seem to be one of them."

And as he spoke the remarkable fact disclosed itself to me that although Fah Lo Suee had spoken no word, already he *knew* her part in the conspiracy!

GOOD heavens! A suspicion sprang to my mind: Had Fah Lo Suee been watching? Was it *she* who had trapped me with Fleurette? Was this the end to which she had preserved my life: Fleurette's swift ruin, my own death?

In its classic simplicity the scheme was Chinese, I thought.

I looked at her where she crouched, abject.

The voice—the strange, haunting voice—spoke on:

"Millions of useless lives cumber the world today. Among them I must now include your own. The ideal state of the great Greek philosopher took no count of these. There can be no human progress without selection; and already I have chosen the nucleus of my new state. The East has grown in spirit, while the West has been building machinery. . . .

"My new state will embody the soul of the East.

"I am not ready yet for my warfare against the numerous but helpless army of the rejected. The plagues of Egypt I hold in my hands, but I cannot control the course of the sun. . . .

"It may be that you, a gnat on the

flywheel, have checked the machinery of the gods. Alone, you could never have cast a shadow upon my path: one of my own blood is the culprit."

He struck a little gong which hung close to his hand upon the table, and the door facing me as I sat opened instantaneously and silently. One of those white-robed, image-like Chinamen entered, to whom Fu Manchu spoke briefly, rapidly.

THE man bowed and went out. Fah Lo Suee's slender body seemed to diminish. She sank down until her head touched the carpet.

Dr. Fu Manchu tapped with a long nail upon the table, glancing aside at her where she crouched.

"Your Western progress, Alan Sterling," he said, "has resulted in the folly of women finding a place in the councils of state. That myth you call chivalry has tied your hands and stricken you mute. In the China to which I belong—a China which is not dead but only sleeping—we use older, simpler methods. . . . We have *whips*. . . ."

The door suddenly opened again, and two powerfully built negresses entered. Their attire consisted of red-and-white striped skirts fastened by girdles about their waists.

Dr. Fu Manchu addressed them rapidly, but now, I knew, he was not speaking Chinese.

He ceased, and pointed.

One of the negresses stooped; but even as she did so, Fah Lo Suee sprang to her feet with an elastic movement, turned flaming eyes upon that dreadful figure in the high-backed chair, and then, a negress at either elbow, walked out into the palm-house beyond.

I glanced at Dr. Fu Manchu, and he caught and held that glance. I realized that I was incapable of turning away.

"Alan Sterling," he said, "it is my purpose to save the world from itself. And to this end there must be a great purging. Today or tomorrow my dream will be fulfilled. One of those bunglers acting for what is sometimes termed western civilization may bring about my death by violence. There is none to

succeed me. . . . My daughter—trained for a great purpose, as few women have been trained, and endowed with the physical perfections of a carefully selected mother, inherits the taint of some traitor ancestor. . . .

"I desire that a son shall succeed to what I shall build. The mother of that son I have chosen. Sex determination is a problem which at last I have conquered. Neither love nor passion will enter into the union. But if you, Alan Sterling, have cast the shadow of either upon the unsullied mirror which I have patiently burnished to reflect my will. . . . then the work of eighteen years is undone."

His guttural voice sank lower and lower, and the last few words sounded like a sibilant whisper. . . .

He struck the gong twice. . . .

I found myself seized by my arms and lifted off the chair in which I had been seated! Two of his Chinamen—unheard, unsuspected—had entered behind me.

Brief, guttural words, and I was swung around, as Dr. Fu Manchu stood up, tall, gaunt, satanic, and from a hook upon the wall took down a whip resembling a Russian knout.

As I was swept about to face the door which communicated with the radio research room, one horrifying glimpse I had in the palm-house, dimly lighted, of an ivory body hanging by the wrists. . . .

IN a frame of mind which I must leave to the imagination, I paced up and down the little sitting-room of the apartment numbered eleven.

I was alone, and the door was sealed; some ten minutes before I had heard the section doors being closed, also. Whichever way my thoughts led me, I found stark madness lurking there.

Fleurette! What would be the fate of Fleurette? For Dr. Fu Manchu was not human in the accepted sense of the word. He was a remorseless intelligence. Where he could not use, he destroyed. Perhaps he would spare Fleurette because of her remarkable beauty. But spare her—for what?

Petrie! He was helpless indeed, desperately ill. And as for myself, I suffered those hundred deaths which the coward is said to die, during the uncountable period that I paced up and down that small room.

My mad passion for Fleurette had brought this down upon all of us! In those feverish moments while I had been pleading with her, I should have been clear of this ghastly house. My freedom meant the safety of the world. I had sacrificed this to my own selfish desires. Only by wrecking the elaborate organization of the Si-Fan—the scope of which hitherto I had never suspected—could I hope to win Fleurette.

Fool—mad, fool—to have supposed that a newly awakened passion could upset traditions so carefully implanted and nurtured.

What was happening?

I TRIED to work out what Nayland Smith would be likely to do—to estimate the chances of a raid taking place, before it was too late. I could not forget the imperturbable figure.

That Dr. Fu Manchu was prepared for such an emergency as this, it was impossible to doubt. His manner had not been that of a criminal trapped.

I pressed my ear against the door and listened. . . .

But I could detect no sound.

I crossed to the farther wall in which I knew there was another door, but one I had never been able to open. I listened there also, for I remembered that there was a corridor beyond.

Silence. I was shut into a narrow section between barriers of steel.

(Continued on page 45)



CATCHING UP WITH HUEY

Louisiana elected him governor. Presently the legislature impeached him. But his power saved him. He elected himself senator together with a colleague to suit him. Again a legislative body began to investigate—this time the United States Senate. And once more the investigation flickered and died. What are the limits of Huey Long's power? Next week Walter Davenport explores the mysterious and unstable scaffolding upon which the Kingfish spectacularly climbed to fame.

By Walter Davenport

Slander

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

MARTHA BLAISDELL, a charming New York society girl, learns that Gerald Gerrish, her broker, is spreading ugly rumors about her. She dismisses him—then learns, to her consternation, that she is in financial straits.

Two men are in love with her: Herbie Cranston, an explorer; and Peter Baxter, a young physician. Cranston is wealthy. He proposes to Martha. Desperate—she admires but she does not love him—she accepts him. . . . But Gerrish is still active. A scoundrel, he makes numerous attempts to involve the girl in scandal; then, intoxicated, enters her apartment—and dies, in Martha's presence! . . . Cranston arrives, hears Martha's story, believes it. Quickly he formulates a plan to save the girl from the scandalmongers. Summoning Doctor Baxter by phone, he explains the situation. Baxter is glad to cooperate; and presently the body (moved quietly, under cover of darkness) is in his office. . . . The authorities accept the physician's story: that Ger-

Baxter shook his head, and the movement made him grimace with pain. "Tell me, what are you two doing here—together?" he said



Illustrated by
John H. Crozman

rish, a victim of acute alcoholism, had died in his office. But Gerrish's valet, one Austed, guesses the truth—and within a few hours the newspapers are featuring the "Blaisdell-Gerrish Scandal!" . . .

Exonerated by the police, who accept her version of the tragedy, Martha makes a courageous decision: to drop out of Cranston's life to enable him to keep his name clear of scandal. . . . Peter Baxter, also, makes a decision: hopelessly in love with Martha, he plans to go to China, as soon as possible. . . .

Martha disappears. Frantic, Cranston searches for her. Days later, he learns that she has left New York; that, under the name of "Clara Tranter," she is working as a governess in Blairsport, Michigan! Scandal? What of it? Cranston loves Martha Blaisdell. He goes to Blairsport, finds her, begs her to marry him. To his surprise, Martha will make no promises. Restless, she turns on a radio set. Almost at once comes a startling announcement: A west-bound express has been wrecked twenty miles from Buffalo. Thirty are dead, a hundred injured. The injured have been taken to Abdeggon, New York. Among the heroes of the occasion—and among those badly burned—is a young New York physician: Peter Baxter! Martha shuts off the radio and turns to Cranston. "Bert," she says, "you must take me to Abdeggon at once!" Cranston is puzzled. Then—"Martha, are you in love with Peter Baxter?" Martha's face is white. "I don't know," she answers. Cranston rises. "I do," he says calmly. "I'll take you to Peter."

Conclusion

ABDEGON, that little town whose name had been heard by millions of radio listeners and which in the morning would be in the headlines of every newspaper in the country, was busier at two o'clock this morning than it had ever been at two o'clock in the afternoon of the last days of the county fair. Notoriety had been thrust upon Abdeggon; a few miles away the Caribou Flyer had crashed into a freight train, and all of Abdeggon that was not turned into a hospital was turned into a receiving station for reporters and camera men and relatives

and friends of the victims of the catastrophe.

For the first time in the history of the little town the Abdeggon House served a meal after midnight; the local drug store was doing business at two in the morning. The telephone operator would remember all her life that the White House had called to inquire as to the extent of the tragedy. Down the main street rolled the car in which sat Martha and Bert Cranston. The hours that had elapsed since they left Blairsport would always be a blank to Martha. She remembered going upstairs and telling Mrs. Gray that she was leaving for the scene of the railroad wreck. Her employer had eyed her shrewdly. She had been listening to a radio in her bedroom.

"The gentleman calling on you is named Cranston, isn't he?" Mrs. Gray had asked. "And I heard the announcer say that Dr. Peter Baxter had been injured in the wreck. Is your name really Clara Tranter? You know, since the moment I met you in Mrs. Detwiler's office your face has seemed familiar. Now I know of whom it reminds me: of Martha Blaisdell's pictures in the newspapers."

"I'm Martha Blaisdell," admitted Martha. "And if Dr. Baxter is hurt, I ought—"

"Of course you ought," said Mrs. Gray. She looked at the girl sympathetically. She quoted Agatha Det-

wiler unconsciously: "You poor, dear darling. I don't suppose you'll come back to me."

"Won't you want me?" asked Martha. "At any time," replied Mrs. Gray. "You can be Clara Tranter here as long as you like. But you won't come back."

"Why do you say that?" asked Martha.

Mrs. Gray smiled. "I don't know; I just feel it. But write to me, and tell me where to send your things."

Impulsively Martha leaned over and kissed the woman.

"Of course I'll write to you. And I expect to be back in a day or so, so I'll just say au revoir."

SHE packed a suitcase and went downstairs. Cranston had not delayed. By telephone he had engaged a closed car from the hotel and without any talk at

all he carried Martha's bag to the machine and assisted her into it.

She leaned back and remained leaning back for the period of the ride. She did not sleep, yet she could not be termed awake. Once or twice Cranston offered her cigarettes which she accepted, and several times he asked questions about her comfort. Did she want a robe around her? Was the car going too fast? Would she prefer to have him ride with the driver so that she could curl up in the back seat and have a nap? But that was all, and none of these things registered upon her mind.

Peter Baxter had been injured. Bert had asked her if she was in love with Pete. Was she? And if she wasn't, why had her heart almost stopped beating when the announcer mentioned the doctor's name?

The car stopped finally before the little hotel in Abdeggon. Cranston alighted, (Continued on page 39)

Play in your own Back Yard

By Marie
Beynon Ray



Photo by
Lee Miller

Rosamond Pinchot plays croquet at her home in Milford, Pennsylvania

"You can get as much sport on a lawn as on a national reservation," says Rosamond Pinchot. And Mrs. Ray follows through with suggestions

TEA being served on the terrace of her penthouse overlooking the East River, Rosamond Pinchot broke a sentence right in half to pop in one finger-length sandwich after the other.

"Why vegetate?" she mumbled. "People who don't play belong to the vegetable kingdom. Why annoy yourself with setting-up or breaking-down exercises when you can play dozens of grand games in a space big enough to swing a cat? Slambango, darts, tether-ball, quoits, lawn pool, paddle tennis, shuffleboard, horseshoes, shuffle alley—stop me, somebody. Golf widows are more to be slapped than pitied. If they'd set up half a dozen real he-man games on the lawn, they'd have no trouble keeping their husbands away from the club—or the children at home under their eye instead of out in the street under a truck."

We were discussing outdoor sports, a subject on which Miss Pinchot, who rides, aquaplanes, skis, hunts, bobsleds, bicycles, skates, plays tennis, deck tennis and badminton, and swims—has, indeed, swum every likely body of water she's ever come near, including "that filthy river out there" and the Blue Grotto at Capri—should certainly be listened to with something approaching awe. Beauty, with a shrug, she denies herself (nevertheless, it became practically international in Reinhardt's production of *The Miracle*) but an indecent healthiness she more or less condones.

"You know, if I ever did have any looks to speak of, it was just a well-

soaped, healthy look, due to my life in the great out-of-doors," Miss Pinchot says.

"People are going in for all sorts of sports today," she now continued. "Everybody's making themselves miniature sports fields for games that can be played in a small space. Just because one has only a lawn or a back yard instead of the Grand Canyon to play in is no reason to relegate it to the family wash. If you know how, you can get as much sport on a lawn as on a national reservation."

"I'm the kind of girl who would get exercise in a squirrel's cage. What do you suppose little Rosamond does for exercise here in town all winter? Gets out her roller skates, like the good child she is, and rolls around the Park. And right here on this roof I get plenty of good fun playing deck tennis

and badminton—both of which can be played on any lawn. You don't even have to have a private roof. There are lots of good roofs going to waste in this city. Some of my friends play ping-gong on theirs or have gymnasiums set up. I've been told that Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt has complete gymnasium equipment on the roof of her town house, and Natalie Hays Hammond has laid out a deck-tennis court on hers. Mrs. Ezra Winter, wife of the artist, who has a three-decker apartment overlooking the East River, gives Sunday morning breakfasts on her triplex roofs at which charming people like Stephen Benét and Leonard Hanna wander about in bathing suits, spreading themselves out to sun, pitching into a stiff game of deck tennis, table hockey, ping-pong, or shuffleboard, and ever and anon wandering over to the tables where sausages and pancakes bubble and squeak, and percolating coffee tosses off an aroma that no perfumer ever equaled. I don't know where Americans got the idea that badminton is a sissy game. I've seen strong men wilt under it. One of the most wringing-wet sights I ever witnessed was Marc Connelly playing George Kaufmann, strong men both! Port Washington is the stronghold of badminton in the East, as it is of croquet. Neysa McMein's place at Sands Point is prac-

tically an athletic club—badminton, deck tennis (you don't have to sail on a great liner to be a deck tennis fiend), ping-pong, played on the porch, and at which the McMein swings a mean paddle; and, of course, croquet.

"Badminton's a big game in Canada, with swank clubs where you play a few hot games, have a shower, tea and watch exhibition matches. It's making good in America, too, especially in the West. In Pasadena it's played even more than tennis."

"Deck tennis is just as good a game, enough different to give variety, and both can be played on the same court—and the court need be only as good as you want to make it."

A Game for All Ages

"Maybe you think croquet is a child's game? If you ever saw Neysa McMein or Alexander Woolcott tearing up the turf and gnawing the nether lip, you'd realize that it has its Bobby Joneses and its Tildens. I'm not half bad myself, though of course I don't rank with the top-notchers—Kathleen Norris, for example, who's the greatest woman player in the world, Harpo Marx and Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr. Here, as in golf, other things being equal and there being no bounds, a man can beat a woman, due to superior muscle. Croquet played with the short-handled, heavy-headed mallets, wickets only a fraction of an inch wider than the balls, takes a better head than bridge (though

(Continued on page 35)

A hint for a little lady wearing a brand-new wedding band

BUDGET-BREAKFAST No. 5

Stewed Rhubarb
Grape-Nuts with Milk and Sugar
1 slice Raisin Toast
Marmalade
Coffee or Postum



PROBABLY you're pretty eager right now to prove two things to the world. First—that you know how to watch the pennies as well as the next woman. And second—that you know how to send a husband off to work every morning looking fit, properly fed . . . and happy.

Lady, here's a hint to help you. Try giving your husband a Grape-Nuts "Budget-Breakfast". That's a hint thousands of wives have already taken. The hint that's serving thousands of contented husbands with low-cost breakfasts that are *fully* and deliciously nourishing!

Many "economy" breakfasts don't give a man nearly enough of the nourishment he needs. But *this* breakfast provides plenty—because it includes crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts.

Grape-Nuts

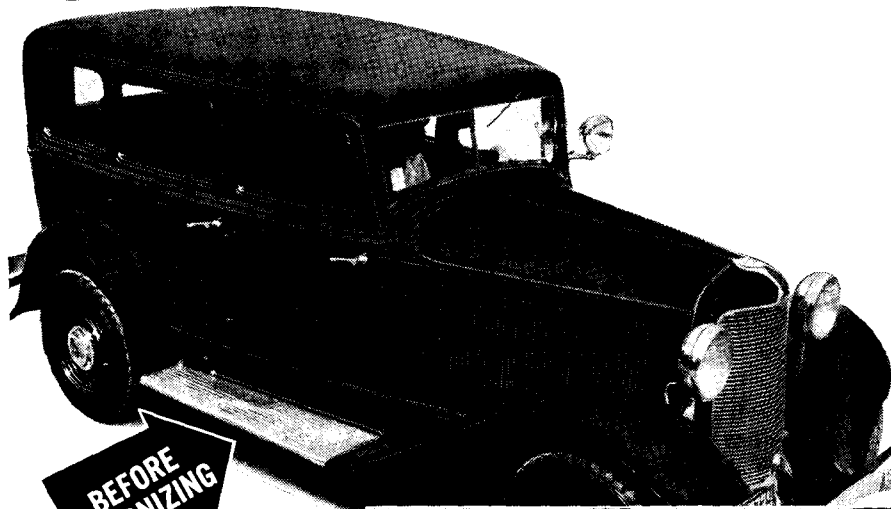
FOR BREAKFAST TOMORROW



You see, Grape-Nuts cereal is *concentrated* nourishment. Served with milk and sugar, it is rich in energy—and gives you more *varied* nourishment than many a hearty meal. And the ample portion of Grape-Nuts for you to serve is just two rounded tablespoons—costing you amazingly little!

You'll find that your husband will love the delicious Grape-Nuts "Budget-Breakfasts". You will, too—and they're so easy to serve! Order Grape-Nuts today—from your grocer. A General Foods product. *Don't miss the fascinating Grape-Nuts show in the General Foods exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair.*

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ



BEFORE
SIMONIZING

The Wonderful
SIMONIZ
KLEENER
Makes Cars
Look New



AFTER
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● SIMONIZ KEEPS THE FINISH BEAUTIFUL

There's nothing like Simoniz Kleener for making dulled, discolored cars look new! Millions say "It gives matchless beauty . . . and it's much *faster, easier* and *safer*! In a jiffy anyone can make his car look bright and beautiful with it!"

Simoniz Kleener contains a remarkable new cleaning feature—a discovery of the famous Simoniz Laboratories that does away with hard rubbing. Just a few easy strokes and Simoniz Kleener restores the original lustre. It's absolutely safe, too . . . contains no harsh abrasives or acids to damage the finish. A few cents make your entire car look new!



Then, of course, after using the Kleener you should always put on Simoniz and your car will stay beautiful. It only takes a few moments—nothing could be faster!

Simoniz guards that rich, sparkling beauty from all injurious elements—protects the finish in all weather—makes it last longer—keeps the colors from fading. And remember, when you get a new car, be sure to Simoniz it right away. Simoniz is the secret of LASTING motor car beauty!

There's nothing "just as good" as Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener! So always insist on these famous products. They're dependable! NEVER sold under any other names. Your hardware or auto accessory store has them.

ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR

The Swamp King

Continued from page 20

clinging and breaking, they rolled down the river bank to the water. When Blackfoot dove in, the mongrel, wild with killing lust, jumped in after him, and Blackfoot let him close again.

The old coon knew what to do—he had done it many times before. The men knew about that, too. They called peremptorily from the bank, but Baldy did not heed. As the beast seized Blackfoot, the coon had drawn him deftly under water. When he struggled frantically to the surface again the coon had climbed on top of his head.

Desperate, strangling, the mongrel struck out for shore, but Blackfoot's strong fingers were working at his jaw and windpipe, and his efforts only drove him to the bottom. He did not come up again.

WHEN the lantern was lit again it was found that the young coon had also disappeared into the stream. Twice from the dark water the coons barked a challenge to the dogs to come after them. But of the other three dogs, one was beyond following anything. The other two had had enough for one night.

Half an hour later, a full mile down river, the two coons slipped silently from the underbrush and halted on a sand spit. And this was near the half-submerged log where Blackfoot had stopped early in the evening for frogs, and all around the frogs were still at their singing. Blackfoot cocked sharp ears at the water. It still lacked an hour of his bedtime and the night, so far, had been nothing if not eventful. Now he felt a bit peckish again after all his exertion, and was minded to have a frog or two before turning in.

Ever since the fight with the pack, the two coons had worked in complete accord, moving like the coordinate parts of a single machine. Coon code had been thoroughly and gloriously upheld once more, and that was that. But Blackfoot had had enough. He would eat his frog alone.

Suddenly he faced the young coon and, softly swearing, fell upon him, leaving one more good bite in his already riddled hide to remember him by. With a pitiful cry like a small child the other took himself off, peering back once at his chief from behind a tree. Then Blackfoot minced out to his frogging seat on the end of the old log, which bobbed gently on the current.

The breeze drew directly in from the

stream, so Blackfoot was slow in catching the rank taint that oppressed, for the second time that night, the underwood at the water's edge. But two minutes later he sat up quite suddenly. The same fox-fire glow of the same lynx-green eyes faced him from the same spot in the shoreward thicket.

The sight had the startling effect of erasing all the other events of the night from the old coon's mind and whipping him back to the moment of his first sight of the lynx in the early evening. Then, as might two wound-up automations repeat the same series of movements, the coon began fingering his gray ruff as he scanned the swirling waters, while the lynx performed a second identical stalk to the base of the log—ending in another snarling rush. As before, a split second before his saber claws struck the log, the agile form of Blackfoot plopped into the depths of the stream.

Coming up from a long dive he beheld a most gratifying spectacle: the log from which he had just plunged had parted from its insecure mooring in the sand, under the impact of the lynx's pounce. It was floating now, out into the stream, revolving slowly as it obeyed the gentle lift of the current, and the lynx was still on it. Flame-eyed, his tufted devil's ears laid flat in horror, the killer of the swamp was scrambling desperately to keep his balance, while every moment the log floated farther and farther from shore. He still might have floundered to the bank with only a ducking, but his horror of water restrained him.

WHEN finally he turned to look back and saw some fifty feet of widening water between him and the shore, the lynx went quite insane. Blackfoot ascertained this at first hand by swimming close. He heard the other yelling in a mad falsetto and swearing to himself while he made wicked whistling slashes at another cat who was evidently to blame for the whole sorry mess: his own moon-limned image in the water.

The old coon convoyed the log and its daft rider out to midstream, where the main current, hurrying to join the far-off Mississippi, rushed it swiftly out of sight. Somewhere miles below, the log might touch shore and the lynx succeed in landing. But never again would he terrify the wild folk of the big swamp, where Blackfoot now was king.



"Was it hard to learn to milk?"

Calvert Smith

After the Rains

Continued from page 14

how they wrangle. Ever since Mayflower took up his farm here two years ago they've quarreled with absolutely indecent intimacy."

"Mayflower's backin' the winner," said Constable Barradine.

"Changed your mind?" Carstairs regarded Barradine curiously. "When Mayflower laughed at you for watching young Duane you said he was talking through his hat."

"Right's right," uttered Constable Barradine, "an' fair's fair. W'en 'e says there's nothing between Duane an' Tillotson, Mayflower's wrong. W'en 'e says Tillotson's been done in dirty, 'e's right. Give the devil 'is doo."

"You've got information connecting Duane with Tillotson?"

"I won't tyke the gray mare on this trip," Barradine said. "She's too pleadin' lyme."

JOHN TILLOTSON had come to Garnet more than a year before his death, and made his home in a rude timber cabin on the wedge-shaped island which had come to bear his name. Here he had lived the solitary life of a trapper, hunter and riverman, and had become a well-known figure in the settlement by virtue of a bluff good humor and a formidable strength. The island was a wedge-shaped rock which presented a jagged barrier to the wide body of the river and sloped on the other side to a sandy beach that was separated from the river bank by a narrow passageway of water that now boiled in high flood. Carstairs and Barradine landed on this beach and made their way to the cabin which lay surrounded by a grassy, weed-grown clearing.

John Tillotson lay in the doorway of his cabin, his powerful body sprawled upon the two wooden doorsteps, his head queerly twisted against the half-open door, which was held from closing by a heavy stone. From the foot of the steps to a wide flat rock some fifteen feet away a heavy plank bridged the soft turf between. Blood marked a trail the length of the plank, and there was blood on the rock beyond.

The two policemen studied the body in silence. Carstairs knelt and, without moving the body, examined a wound upon Tillotson's leg which had, obviously, severed an artery above the ankle.

"Axe slipped," he said shortly.

Constable Barradine walked the length of the plank and examined the stains on the rock. Carstairs joined him.

"That's how he came to the cabin," he remarked. "Look!" He followed a well-marked trail across the rock. "Through here. See, he passed through this thicket over the stones."

"Rum way to go," reflected Constable Barradine, "for a bloke in a hurry."

"Wanted firm footing, I suppose. See, he crossed these rocks, veering away from this flat stone here, and here, ah, here it is. The woodpile."

Screened from the cabin by a barrier of brush and a breast-high ledge of rock was a cleared space littered by an accumulation of chips that carpeted the stony ground. An untidy pile of logs lay as Tillotson had dragged them in for cutting, and the short, sawed billets, ready for splitting, lay in a heap where Tillotson had thrown them. Beside a scarred chopping-block an axe stretched its long handle on the chips, presenting a dark-stained head to the sunlight.

"There's your story," muttered Carstairs. "See? It happened here." He pointed to a great stain beside the axe. "The poor devil stumbled over here, see,

to the rocks . . . and so on, to the doorway."

He looked up at Barradine with a sudden sense of satisfaction.

"It's an accident, right enough!" he gloated. He hadn't realized how anxious he had been lest the investigation prove Frazer Macklin to be wrong. The storekeeper, he divined, would never have forgiven him if he had found evidence to support the preposterous suspicion of Mayflower. "You're wrong!" he cried. "And Mayflower's wrong." He exulted in anticipation of the good will with which Sally's father would greet his findings. "There was the blood on the axe . . . and here." They stood in the doorway again, looking down on Tillotson's body. "He fell here and bled to death. His head must have struck that stone in the doorway. Do you see that ugly-looking wound behind the ear?"

Stolidly Constable Barradine regarded a mat of dark-stained hair behind Tillotson's right ear.

"Dead men don't bleed," he said.

"What's that?"

"Not to mention," continued Constable Barradine calmly, "'ow did 'e get 'ere in the first plyce?"

"Walked. Dragged himself." Corporal Carstairs was annoyed. "You can see his trail," he said.

"Ar! Outside, yes. But 'ere on the doorstep, no. Precious little blood 'ere that I can see. Must 'ave done the larst ten yards on arf a pint, an' walkin' a plank, too. Then 'e's got enough left to spoil 'is 'air w'en 'is 'ead 'its a pleadin' stone. Funny thing, I call it."

Carstairs knelt and examined the wound on Tillotson's head.

"That's odd," he murmured.

"An' that plank," pondered Constable Barradine. "That's a penny puzzle, that is. You couldn't 'ardly walk acrost it sober, let alone in the condition 'e wos. Wot's it there for, any 'ow?"

"Because of the rains," Carstairs spoke shortly. "This grassy hollow must have been a bog after the storm last week. He put the plank there during the rains to bridge it."

BARRADINE stared reproachfully at the plank.

"All I say is," he insisted, "it's funny."

"But if there'd been foul play," protested Carstairs, "what about the other man? He'd have left some sign—footprints in the sand. . . . But it's nonsense! You don't murder people by cutting them in the legs with axes."

"'E left that," said Constable Barradine. He was pointing to a shrub which appeared to have been torn from its place near the cabin door and thrown on the ground beside the hole which its uprooting had left.

"You mean he uprooted that shrub?" demanded Carstairs. "But why?"

"'E didn't," said Barradine. "Not ware the 'ole is, any'ow."

Again Carstairs fell to his knees.

"You're right," he muttered, the roots of the weed in his hand. "This was rooted out of sand. The soil here is clay."

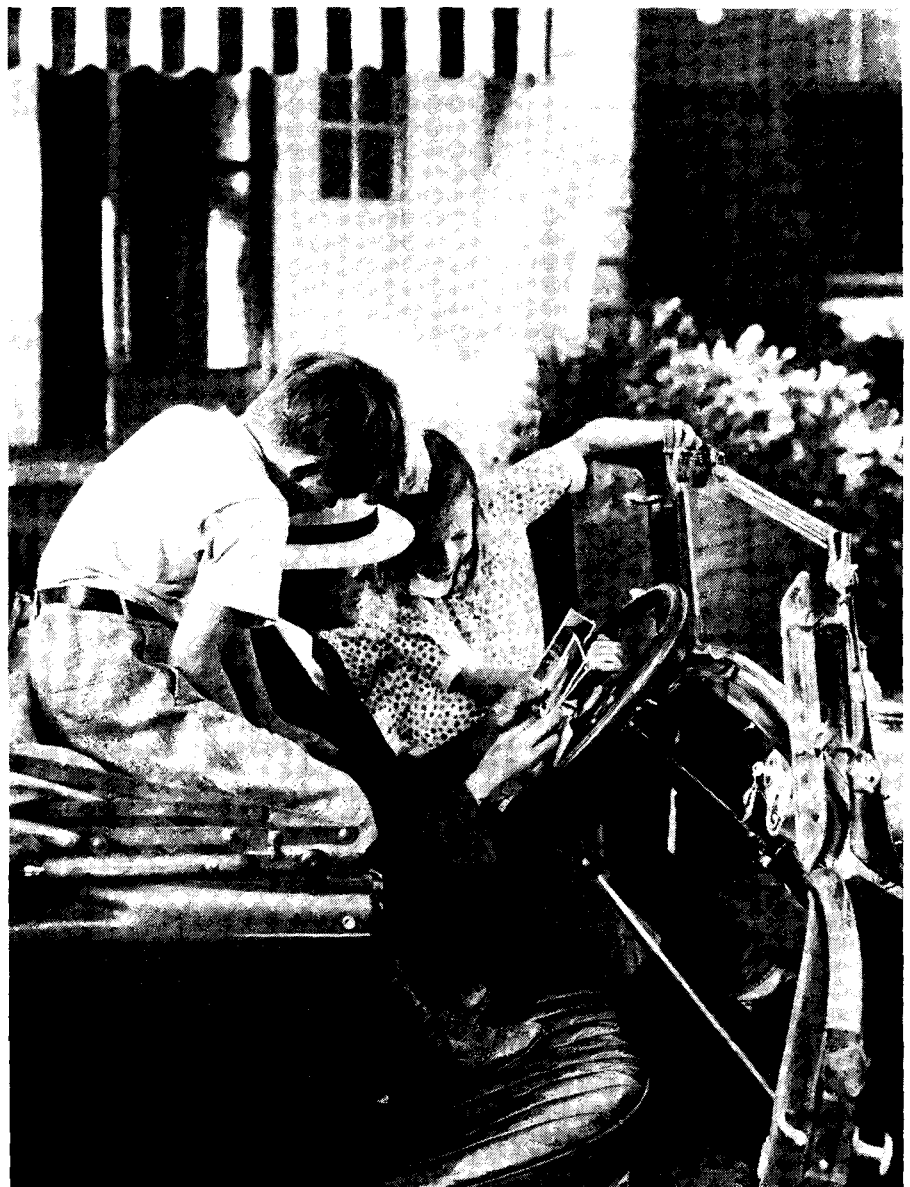
"Like butter," approved Barradine. "That 'ole was dug by 'and. Tenpence to a brarse farthing it was done to dig up a footprint. 'E's left a fingerprint or two instead, I wouldn't wonder."

"But why? He must have been a lunatic!"

"No. 'E wos draggin' a body, see? An' 'e steps orf the ruddy plank. So

(Continued on page 30)

"Here's the one
you snapped, sister!"



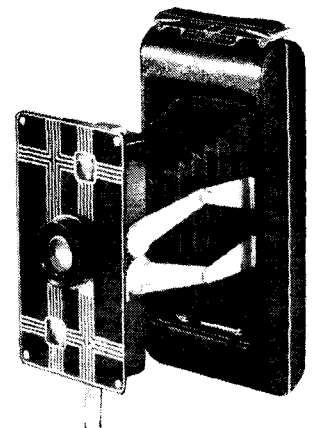
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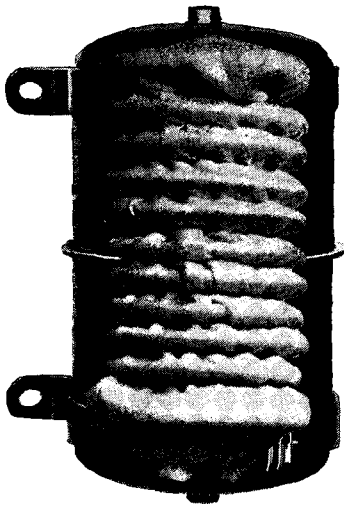


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(Continued from page 29)

wot does 'e do but dig up the mark of 'is foot an' then chuck down this 'ere weed to myke it look as if Tillotson'd tore it up from the 'ole 'e'd myde."

Carstairs gazed at him for a moment gloomily.

"I'll have another look at that woodpile," he said.

He strode off into the woods, his handsome face dark with a new anxiety. Constable Barradine watched him go and then walked forward and intently regarded the plank. He turned it over with his foot and stared at the underside of it. He knelt on the damp turf and closely inspected the pressed grass which it had covered. Some time later, Carstairs, spurring his every faculty to observation at the woodpile, became conscious that Barradine was at his elbow.

"No signs of violence here," he said. Barradine, dropping on all fours, applied himself to a painstaking examination of the stony, chip-littered ground. Carstairs watched irritably.

"Aren't we going off at half cock?" he cried suddenly. "Tillotson might have flung that weed there himself."

"An' 'it 'isself a tap on the neck," added Barradine.

"If it comes to that," said Carstairs tartly, "he might have fallen right here, and hit a stone."

There was a silence, while Barradine continued his hunt.

"A stone like this 'ere," suggested Barradine suddenly.

He was turning over in his hand a jagged, oblong fragment of stone. Carstairs almost snatched it from him and looked it over eagerly. One end of the stone was stained darkly, with a few hairs adhering to it.

"That's it!" cried the corporal. "That's the stone he fell on!"

"But wot was 'e doin' with the axe?" queried Barradine, squatting on his heels with two clean-cut billets of wood in his hands.

"Chopping wood, of course."

"But wot wood?" insisted Barradine. Carstairs glowered at him in bewilderment.

"It's like this 'ere," exclaimed Constable Barradine, rising with the two cleanly split chunks of wood in either hand. "These 'ere are the larst pieces 'e split. And 'e finished 'em. The crack wot 'it them never skidded. No fear! It split 'em clean as a whistle. Orl right—wot was 'e cuttin' w'en it skidded? Looks to me like 'e never lifted 'is axe agine."

BUT this is rank speculation!" cried Carstairs. "You're trying to see things the way you want them. Anything might have happened to deflect his axe, and there's the stone with the blood on it, and the hair."

"The blood an' 'air," said Constable Barradine, "wos on the bottom side of the stone."

Carstairs stood speechless.

"M'rover," continued Barradine, "there's the plank. It wos put down arfter the rain. Arfter the ruddy sun 'ad dried things up."

"How do you know that?"

"'Ow do I know it? Lumme, the plank's dry underneath, that's 'ow I know it!"

Carstairs listened with respect.

"Wrap that stone up," he ordered with sudden decision, "and keep it. The doctor can give us the truth about the bleeding, but your theory seems sound. There was another man here. He struck Tillotson down with this stone and then cut the artery with the axe. Then he dragged the body over the rocks to conceal his footprints, and put the plank across the grass to reach the door. He put that stone in the doorway to carry out the picture and arranged the body the way we found it. Is that it?"

"In a way o' thinkin', yes."

"We'll go to the beach," said Carstairs. "There must be marks."

They passed through the clearing and stopped to look down on the mute witness in the doorway. Carstairs stooped and detached from the buckle of Tillotson's belt a fragment of crimson woolen stuff.

"That's off a coat," he whispered. He was staring at the thread of crimson with a preposterous recollection of Macklin's worn, recently darned, crimson mackinaw overcoat.

"I'll keep it," he said, and followed Barradine to the outer beach, where a thorough examination revealed no other marks in the sand than those made by Forster and Gooley in their visit to the island the day before.

"There's a sort of a bay on the other side of the island," suggested Barradine. "Tillotson keeps 'is canoe there an' a boat."

SILENTLY they strode again past the cabin, past the woodpile and along a well-worn trail to a cove protected by a finger of stone from the encroaching waters of the river. While Barradine betook himself to an examination of a canoe and a flat-bottomed dory which lay high up in the brush, Carstairs inspected the beach. At a sharp exclamation from the corporal, Barradine joined him to look down upon a sharp, deep gouge made in the sand by the prow of a small boat.

"That was made since the rains," said Carstairs, "or it would have been washed out by the flood. Has Tillotson got a boat?"

"Yes. I wos lookin' it over," said Barradine. "It's flat-bottomed. The boat wot myde that was a fair racer." He gazed off across the cove, conscious of a profound embarrassment. "Only one boat between 'ere an' Red Rapids as'd myke a mark like that," he said to the open water.

"What boat is that?" demanded Carstairs.

"The skiff Macklin says 'e lorst ten dyes ago."

With an abrupt sense of sickness Carstairs vividly recalled Macklin's red coat.

"Macklin!" he cried. His eyes met the falsely nonchalant gaze of Constable Barradine.

"Ar!" said Constable Barradine.

Carstairs dropped his eyes. He paced back into the brush, striding back and forth, trying fatuously to rally some fact, some shred of evidence which would deny this preposterous conclusion. He saw something that glittered in the underbrush and stared down upon it stupidly. Barradine came to his

side and, as though defiantly, Carstairs stooped and picked up the bright object at his feet.

"This knife," he said coldly, "belongs to Macklin. He kept it in his skiff for fishing. He made the handle himself. I saw him working on it."

"Tillotson," Barradine quietly said, "wos blackmailin' 'im."

"How do you know?"

"Duane. Macklin used 'im for go-between. Like brothers, they wos, Duane an' Tillotson."

"What was he blackmailing him for?"

"Don't know," said Barradine.

There was a silence.

"I'll have to go through with it," said Carstairs at last. "I'll have to see Macklin. You stay here."

When Carstairs had paddled away, Barradine entered the cabin, and with calm deliberation systematically explored it. He missed nothing. But it was not until he raked out the stove that he found in the gray ash of burned paper, completely incinerated and pulverized, the evidence that the murderer had been through the cabin before him.

With monumental calm Constable Barradine sat on the table and thought things over. His gaze lit upon the body in the half-open doorway, and he perked up his head jauntily. Coolly he stepped toward the body, knelt, and deliberately moved it so that it leaned stiffly against the door jamb. Something rattled on the floor as he did so, and he turned to pick the object up. It was a brown button, molded from some composition into the peculiar semblance of plaited leather. Constable Barradine frowned over it for a moment and then slipped it into his pocket. He then set about exploring the dead man's clothing. No pleat or seam escaped his probing. At last his busy fingers stopped.

"LUMME!" remarked Constable Barradine. "It's the straight Griffin! Might 'a' known 'e'd keep it next 'is skin!"

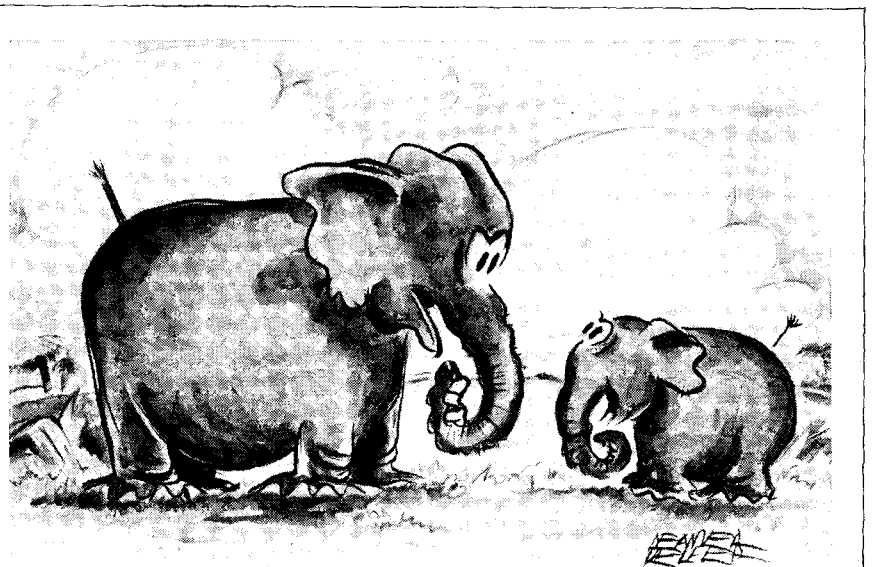
From beneath the heavy clothing he drew forth a web belt with an oiled silk envelope attached. He explored the envelope—and then he was pondering, with wrinkled brow, a creased and soiled document which he smoothed out.

It was a small paper which bore two pictures of the same man, one in profile and one of the face in full.

"Goo!" exclaimed Constable Barradine. "Lumme!"

Beneath the picture was typed the subject's name, "DENNIS F. MACKLIN; Crime, Grand Larceny." Pasted below the picture was a photostatic copy of an official form of Bertillon

(Continued on page 34)



"Yes, dear, the stork—now don't ask me any more questions!"

Reamer Keller

Folks, Barbasol sure is flattered

by
"Singin' Sam"



IMITATION, as the old copy books tell us, is the sincerest flattery.

That bein' the case, Barbasol certainly ought to feel flattered 'most to death.

Here we've been saying these many years that the way to tame your daily crop of whiskers wasn't with lather and brush, but with Barbasol.

For a long time the big Brush and Lather boys sorta laughed up their sleeves—but when they saw how John Public took to this Barbasol idea and how Barbasol sales went skyrocketin' till Barbasol was the fastest-selling shaving cream in the U. S. A.—they started a mad scramble to climb on the band wagon.

Take a tip from your old friend Singin' Sam—the cream that does the job is the one that's made by folks who *believe* in this way of shavin', heart and soul. And I don't have to tell you who that is—everybody knows it's the Barbasol people.

Fact is, Barbasol is so soothing and healing that a lot of folks use it for *sunburn*.

So if you want the coolest, slickest, quickest shave a man ever treated his face to, the way to get it is the same way that smart shavers have been following for fifteen years. Step up to any drug store counter and get that red, white and blue Barbasol package—and you'll be singin' in the bathroom just like your old pal Sam.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY, Indianapolis, Indiana

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New "Show-down" Plan Swings Thousands to Big Dodge Six at \$595*

HAVE you ever heard of a car so good that it doubles its sales in eight dramatic weeks? Dodge has literally taken the whole country by storm.

Sales going up — up — up. So fast that it looks as if even more people will buy Dodge than will buy some of the lowest priced cars.

And no wonder! An amazing new way of judging motor car value, the "Show-Down" plan, is letting new thousands each week prove to themselves that Dodge is far and away the most rugged, most brilliant performing, economical car that money can buy.

And isn't that the car *you* want? A car that is actually better on a cold show-down basis? Not just on mere claims or somebody's say-so! But a car that throws away extravagant claims — and doubles its sales in eight weeks on merit alone.

"Show-Down" Plan Takes Gamble Out of Car Buying

The "Show-Down" plan lets you be the judge of motor car performance and value. You see with your own eyes what Dodge can do in comparison with other cars. You try it out with your own hands! You can be guided by what your own common sense tells you. By what you see and learn for yourself—not merely by what some salesman may tell you!

You will see that Dodge has 36 vital points—vital to the performance and long life of the car itself, and vital to your comfort and safety—that are seldom found in cars anywhere near Dodge at its low price. And not found in even some of the most expensive automobiles!

The big new Dodge Six has a double drop, X bridge type frame. It's ten times stronger than ordinary constructions. The frame is the very back-bone of the car—but you'd be surprised how many cars *don't* give you the safe, sturdy frame you get in the Dodge Six.

Check These Safety Features

And Dodge doesn't believe in taking chances—not in these days when accidents are so likely to occur. Dodge has hydraulic brakes. When you step on them they respond instantly. They stay equalized—you can always count on them, and you don't have to spend money having them adjusted frequently.

Competing cars don't have Dodge's Centrifuse brake drum, either—though much higher priced cars do. They are heavier and stronger. Cut relining bills, too.

You hear a lot of talk about bodies—but don't let anybody tell

you wood is stronger than steel. You know better. Dodge bodies are *all steel*, welded together to form one piece.

You can drive your Dodge 30,000 miles and more without valve grinding—because Dodge has valve seat inserts made of special alloy. This is another money-saving feature offered by few cars.

Dodge is quiet in all speeds, too. Dodge spends real money to give you *all* helical gears instead of conventional gears that are quiet only in second.

Compare the Advantages—And the Cost

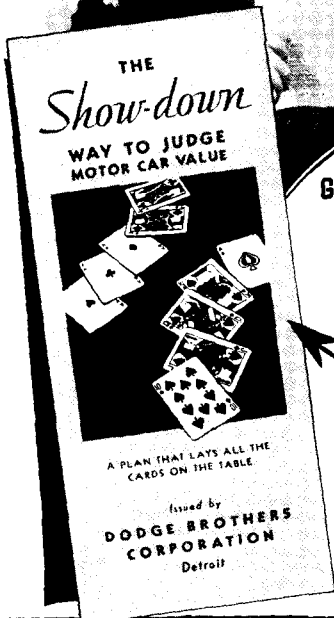
These are but some of the features Dodge gives you—for just a few dollars more than the lowest priced cars. Bear in mind the beauty of the New Dodge Six—the luxury of its interior. Remember its long 115" wheelbase. With floating power engine mountings and plump Airwheel tires you get a smooth, comfortable ride that can't be matched by many cars costing 'way up into the thousands of dollars. Oilite spring inserts prevent squeaks forever. Free wheeling is standard in the Dodge Six. And like jewels in your watch, roller bearings in the chassis are an unmistakable mark of fine car quality. Dodge gives you thirty of them—from five to eleven more than competing cars.

Seven of these Dodge features are estimated to save you from \$50.00 to \$150.00 on running expense alone. And you know that time has proved the economy of six cylinders—you can't save money by adding more.

When a car doubles its sales in eight short weeks... when everybody is raving about it... you want to see it before you buy a new automobile. And that's all Dodge asks. That's why the "Show-Down" plan was devised—to make it easy for you to compare the Dodge Six with other cars in its price class. Even with many of the higher-priced cars!

Ask your Dodge dealer for a show-down today... see for yourself the thrilling performance and luxurious beauty of the big New Dodge Six... see how much more car you get for so few dollars more than the lowest priced cars!

THIS "SHOW-DOWN" CHART CERTAINLY
TAKES ALL THE GUESS WORK OUT OF
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Risk nothing... pay nothing... just get a "Show-Down" chart free from your dealer! Then you be the judge!

FREE

BIG DODGE "6"

DOUBLE IN EIGHT DRAMATIC WEEKS



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SMART LOOKING CAR.
HE : YES...AND IT WON ME
ON A "SHOW-DOWN"
OF PERFORMANCE
WITH OTHER CARS

The Dodge Six Sedan . . . \$675 F. O. B. Factory, Detroit

only *\$595

AND UP
F.O.B. FACTORY,
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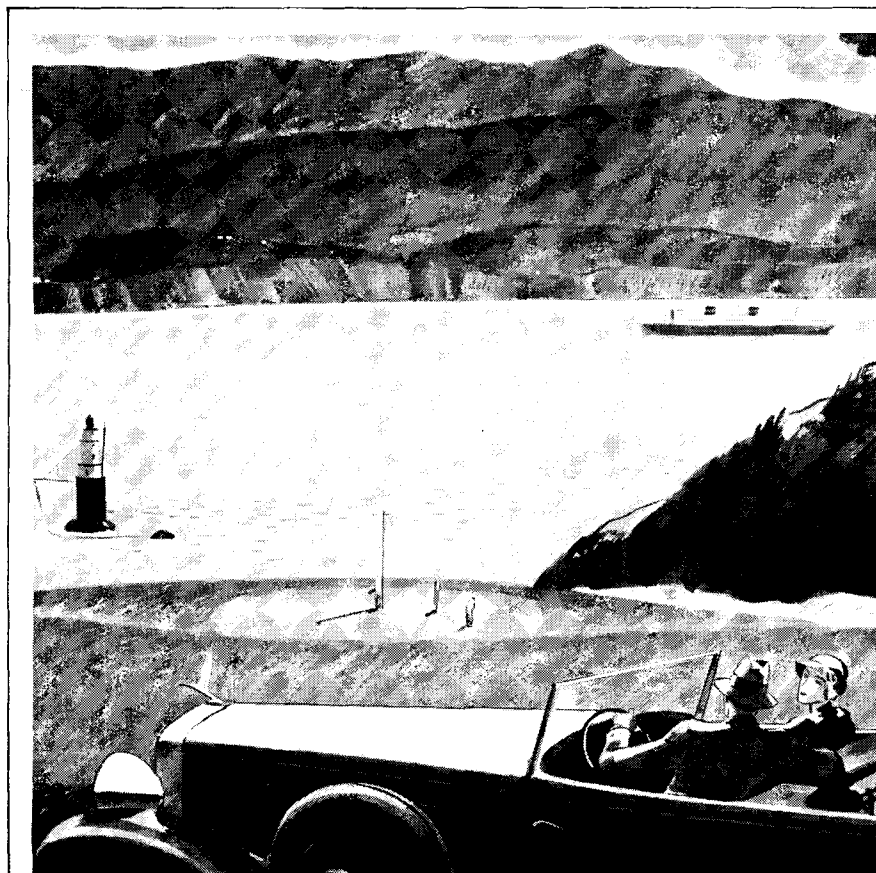
Patented Floating Power engine mountings make this big new Dodge Six as smooth as an eight—with the thrift and economy of a six. Floating Power mountings absorb and smother every trace of engine vibration.

WITH FLOATING POWER ENGINE MOUNTINGS

115-INCH WHEELBASE

San Francisco

AMERICA'S COOLEST SUMMER CITY



GOLF ABOVE THE GOLDEN GATE

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Breakfast is over. A fleet car speeds you up Nob Hill . . . Below lies a fabled city and beyond, the world's most varied out-of-doors—the California vacationland. Between the sky-touching towers to your right and left the Bay gleams in the early sun. Squat white ferries, and yellow ones, plow across, to and fro. A sleek ocean liner looms beyond the Ferry Tower. Directly below, a gilded cupola marks a street into Chinatown.

You drive along the stately ridge of Russian Hill, along Pacific Heights, through fresh-kept streets. There below is Yacht Harbor, and there more ferries—soon to give their burden to the greatest bridge that man has ever built, the bridge across the Golden Gate, one of two that are to cross the Bay.

There is the Fine Arts Palace. And here is the rolling *Presidio*. There is where Rez-anov, the Russian Envoy, wooed the Commandante's daughter, the commandante of this town that then belonged to Spain.

Now for golf in Lincoln Park, below the Palace of the Legion of Honor, above the ships passing through the Gate . . . After golf you may play in another park—1000-acre Golden Gate Park—or drive along the Skyline Boulevard; or cross the Bay . . .

However you have spent this day, night will find you getting ready for more play.

You may dine in a great world-heralded hotel, or in some little lanterned restaurant. You may dance in this town where modern

dance music was born. Or go to a theatre. . . . And finally you'll go to sleep cooled by a breeze that's crossed 6000 miles of ocean.

. . . Every bit as thrilling as your first day will be those that follow. San Francisco's mysterious Chinatown and the *Embarcadero*, Mission Dolores, the Zoo and the Aquarium, Telegraph Hill, and the celebrated shops—all these must be explored.

Here is every sport in a brand new setting and you will want to try them all . . . In the mild, invigorating climate of America's coolest summer city where days are never hot or sultry, where there is no summer rain.

Close to San Francisco you will find the Yosemite Valley, the Big Tree forests and the Redwood Empire, the lovely Monterey Bay region and the Mother Lode country with its historic mining towns. Mile-high Lake Tahoe, Feather River and Russian River, Mt. Shasta and Mt. Lassen are nearby too, all reached quickly through a thrilling land.

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While attractions for the tourist are unlimited in San Francisco and California, it is necessary to advise those seeking employment not to come at this time, lest they be disappointed.

After the Rains

Continued from page 30

measurements, and below that a space which bore the culprit's fingerprints. Across the bottom of the form ran the legend, "Impressions taken by John Tillotson. Rank, warder. Prison, Dartmoor."

"Ster-rike me pink!" remarked Constable Barradine. "If the old geezer ain't a ruddy jailbird. And Tillotson a copper's nark with a liking for black-mile!"

He folded the paper and tucked it carefully into his pocket. Carstairs, he reflected, wouldn't arf cheer up w'en 'e 'ad a look at the pretty pictures; where-upon a thought seized him which urged him to instant action. . . .

CONSTABLE BARRADINE entered the store of Frazer Macklin without ceremony and intruded upon a constrained and preposterous scene. Frazer Macklin sat in his desk chair at the back of the store, glaring up into the face of Corporal Carstairs like a wolverine at bay. Carstairs stood coldly at attention, immovable as a rock, his handsome face the personification of an impersonal and ruthless justice. Leaning back upon a table with the pallid Duane hovering beside her, Sally Macklin looked tragically upon a shattered world with a gaze that combined love and scorn for Carstairs with fear and love for her father.

"Mr. Macklin refuses to accept arrest," said Carstairs, briefly answering Barradine's unspoken question.

"The man's cracked!" snarled Macklin.

"I found Mr. Macklin's skiff down the river," uttered Carstairs bleakly. "There were marks in it made by a blood-stained boot, and the sheath of this knife. Will you come, Mr. Macklin?"

"I will not!" cried Macklin.

"Then we'll have to take you—"

"Father!" cried Sally.

"Sally!" quavered Duane.

"I'm sorry you had to be here!" Carstairs flashed the words to the girl in a clipped, relentless monotone that covered grief and despair like a coat of mail.

"But you can't do it!" she cried. "You can't do this, Geoff! . . . To me!"

Carstairs glanced at her quickly, almost fiercely—then coldly, back to Macklin.

"Barradine!" he snapped.

"Lor' lumme!" responded Constable Barradine. "'E's right! So's Miss Sally! You're arrestin' the wrong man, Cawpril!"

"The wrong man!" The icy determination of Corporal Carstairs was shattered by the dawn of hope.

"S'elp me!" swore Barradine. "Mayflower's the bloke you want."

"Mayflower!"

"That's wot. 'E's a jailbird. Out of Dartmoor arfter a stretch for grand lark. Tillotson was a warder there an' got a ruddy photo of the records to blackmile 'im with."

"But the skiff! The knife!"

"That's 'ow Macklin lorst 'em. Mayflower took 'em over an' 'id 'em till 'e'd used 'em. 'E must 'ave planned usin' the knife, an' decided the axe was better. The pleadin' nerve of the man!"

With the knife lorst, 'e was still so sure of 'is accident evidence that 'e larfed in our fices." Impressed by the incredulous stares of his audience Constable Barradine drew from his pocket a button and held it out. "Look 'ere," he cried. "This button's orf the shirt of the lad that turned the trick. Found it under the cawpse, I did."

Carstairs snatched the queer button

from Barradine. Duane clutched at his shirt front.

"He gave it to me!" he cried. "Mayflower! Last night! Mrs. Purly will tell you. She darned it up and sewed on a new button."

"Lor' love yer," grinned Barradine. "You don't need no affy-davy. There ain't nobody this side of Montreal owns shirts like that. We could trace 'im to Timbuctoo by that button."

"You have evidence enough to justify a warrant?" Carstairs asked.

"Evidence enough to hang!" cried Barradine. "I've got 'is fingerprint record orf the files of Dartmoor Prison. We've the prints on the knife, the boat, the clay an' all over the blinkin' cabin."

"Come on, then!" Carstairs turned to the door, but Constable Barradine hung back. Surprisingly he turned upon Macklin.

"'E knows?" he demanded. "You've warned 'im?"

Macklin sat silent.

"Tell us w'ere 'e is," commanded Barradine.

"I'll cut my tongue out first!"

"You're protecting him?" Carstairs regarded the storekeeper in amazement. "But why? You always quarreled."

"Like brothers," said Constable Barradine.

Macklin glared at him balefully.

"How did you know?" he demanded.

Barradine produced the paper he had taken from Tillotson's belt.

"There's Mayflower's picture," he said. "'Dennis F. Macklin.' O' course you'd protect 'im. O' course you'd stand between 'im an' Tillotson, the corpuscular swine."

"He was younger than me," said Macklin in a very low voice. "When he'd served his term I thought that up here he could be a man. But there wasn't much love lost between us. And Tillotson followed him. I tried to hold him off. But Dennis didn't have the stuff. He was underhanded. Weak. He'd rather—do this—than stand up." He looked up suddenly at Carstairs. "The way you stood up—to a bad thing," he said.

"'E'll be at the farm," said Barradine. "'E thinks 'e pulled it orf as an accident."

CARSTAIRS was gazing at the girl. "I'm sorry," he said. "I made a mistake."

"By doing yer duty?" demanded Macklin, rising from his chair. "Y'r a queer fool, Mr. Carstairs, if you think I'd be blind to that! With such scum as Tillotson about and such bunglers as Duane, a man gets hungry for such spirit as you've shown today—with all you had to lose by it."

"Ten bob to a brarse farthing," said Constable Barradine, "we'll find him larfin at us."

"Sally . . ." began Carstairs. "If you . . . I don't want you to think . . ."

"She won't!" snapped Macklin. "Women never do when there's a man concerned."

Sally's fine eyes flashed resentment for all the race of men.

"I sincerely believed," said Carstairs, "that your father . . ."

"You come over to dinner," said Frazer Macklin. "Tomorrow night. You should be able to think up something to say by then."

"But 'e won't larf long," said Constable Barradine insistently. "Not if we move in an 'urry."

"Come on!" cried Carstairs.

Sally Macklin ran to the door and watched them ride from sight.



Play in your own Back Yard

Continued from page 26

not so good as chess) and all the muscle you've got.

"None of these games requires acreage—only footage. The largest space needed for any of them is the 20 feet by 44 feet for the badminton court. At our place in Milford we go in for a number of these games—badminton, deck tennis, croquet, shuffleboard and horseshoes."

Tea over, I crashed over to the nearest sports shop and had them line up practically every small-space game the ages have produced and, being highly susceptible to games anyway, I was soon running a temperature. They can't just show you a game—these salesmen in sports shops—they have to go through the whole thing, whanging birds and tossing rings and swatting balls till they're all in a lather and your hands are itching to get at it.

Golf at a Standstill

Well, to make an orthodox beginning—golf. There's a "golf school" which can be set up in any garage without unnerving the most unsettled driver, and at which you can shoot any old kind of a ball and be sure it will return to you. Complete with double side walls and ceiling, sod cloth and targets, it's just the thing the man who'd like nine holes before dinner would appreciate. But if you wouldn't think of spending twenty-nine of your favorite dollars for a whole country club, then consider a little item called "bottle golf," devised for practice on any lawn—a heavy, metal bottle to which is attached twenty-five feet of hawser-laid line and a golf ball. You drive the ball over the bottle, and if the bottle moves two feet you've driven 200 yards—or so they say. This sets you back only five dollars.

Now, tennis addicts, listen in. There's a tennis trainer consisting of two up-rights connected by an elastic band from which a ball is suspended. Pull any sort of shot—and the ball comes back as if from your opponent's racket.

"Swing ball" is—if you can imagine such a thing—a combination of hand-ball and fencing. With a hair-stuffed ball suspended on two rubber cables, you lunge, parry, side-step, jump in rapid succession over a center line, scoring by touching your opponent with the ball—shouting "*Touche*" in the conventional manner, I presume.

"Slambango"—two tambourine bats from which the players toss a ball or shuttlecock from goal lines fifty paces apart, scoring as in tennis—fast and furious play, my lads.

"Rap-o" is a game which, to hear them talk, combines the best features of tennis and lacrosse, yet requires a space of but ten feet. A ball is batted with the bat end of a paddle and caught in the net end.

"Darts?" A target at which feathered darts are flung with force and fury from any distance, scoring anything from 100 for a bull's-eye to 0.

When it comes to horseshoes you can pitch anything, from the genuine article, painted gold for sheer swank, to rope ones, or even, if you want a touch of fantasy, queer-shaped rubber affairs.

"Lawn pool" is a game played on a taped court where white and colored balls, each with a different scoring value, are bowled and, if possible, "pooled" in the steel pockets at the far end of the court. And of course there's ye olde English lawn bowls, demanding four pairs of matched balls and two china jacks. The rest is up to you.

"Skittles" is bowling on the green—the old Rip Van Winkle game—using nine pins instead of ten. You'd want to see the rules on that—just enough different from bowling down the alley to make it intriguing.

"Shuffleboard" is a great game for the porch—naturally, since it started on shipboard. With long poles you shove wooden disks at furious speed along the deck and—you hope—onto the numbered target. Also good on the sidewalk.

And if it's the children who need health and sport, you really should look into the possibilities of diabolo, the scooter skate, boomerang, stilts, the rodeo rope, lawn seesaw, playground outfit, parallel bars, kangru spring-shus, jump stands—

How I go on! And I've just begun. All told, those inexhaustible young men trotted out thirty-six games. I finally lost all sense of time—and when, as dawn was streaking the east, I was sneaking out, they had just sent upstairs for a gigantic iron wheel inside of which you rolled and rolled over the countryside, now right side up, now wrong side down—a veritable sensation. Not, of course, for a back yard; just something you should be interested in.

to Hear

that sweet and satisfying "click" which tells the expert golfer he's made a long, clean drive . . .



to Feel

the thrill that expert golfers' fingers know when perfect swing meets perfect ball . .



to See

the gleaming white perfection of a ball that's made to hold its form and keep its looks through many a hard fought game . . .

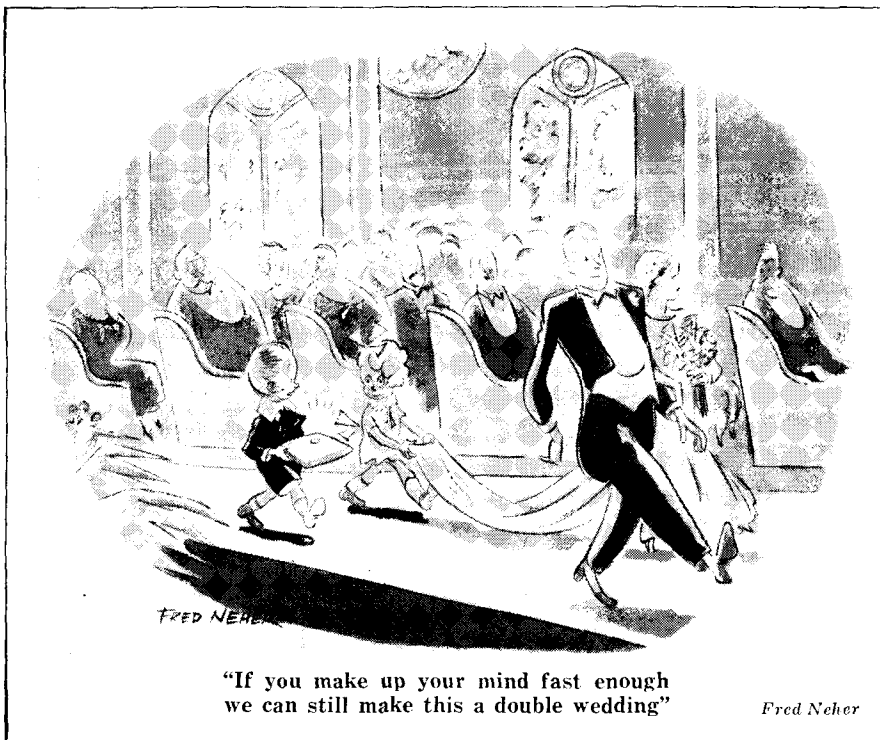


is to **KNOW**
the three star features
of *The NEW*
Three Star
★ ★ ★
U.S.
ROYAL



NEW U. S. ROYAL
NEW U. S. FAIRWAY
NEW U. S. NOBBY
NEW U. S. TIGER

United States  Rubber Company



"If you make up your mind fast enough we can still make this a double wedding"

Fred Neher

Jim felt his knees begin to tremble; he sat down quickly lest they betray him.

"It did me more good," he said, "to see you knock that gun out of Dominic's hand. Thanks!"

ALL that night and during the ensuing morning, as they rolled down through the lush Sacramento Valley, Jim suffered. He suffered from the agony of apprehension; apprehension of the arrest which awaited him; and of what Molly would think when she saw it. They rolled into the terminal at Oakland at noon. Jim, peering anxiously out of the window, saw that the worst was to happen. A blue-coated individual awaited him. Jim stood up and thrust out a nervous hand to Molly.

"Goodby," he said hastily. "It sure was a swell trip."

Molly looked decidedly hurt.

"Aren't you in an awful hurry?" she asked.

"Yes. No. That is—" Jim felt a hand on his arm. He turned around: it was the law.

"You fit the description," said the law, with a stern look.

"Yes, sir," gulped Jim.

"What is this?" asked Molly.

Jim grinned.

"I think you'd better run along," he suggested. "I believe that this... er... gentleman wants to see me."

"You bet I do," said Jim's gentleman. "We had two calls from the State Police about you. The first one said to pick you up on a vagrancy charge. Later on, we got another. That one said that you'd had a party up in the mountains with a couple of rough gents, and took them both apart. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir," said Jim, inwardly trembling. Was he to face a charge of mayhem as well?

"One of those boys turned out to be Vittorio Spitalo," the officer went on. "In his intimate circle he is sometimes called Spargo. He's a bad gent. Has liquor and narcotic affiliations from coast to coast. We heard he was headed this way but we never figured that he'd travel by bus. Those big shots usually do it in style. Anyway, we're much obliged to you for turning him up. Don't get excited, now. There's no reward. But there's no vagrancy charge, either. And the captain says if you can't find a place tonight, come over to Station Nine for a free flop. It'll be on the department. So long."

The officer departed. Jim looked at Molly. "Is that," she demanded, "the reason you've been so jumpy all morning? And wanted to say goodby so hurriedly?"

"More or less," Jim admitted.

"Silly! Why didn't you tell your

troubles to a woman? To this woman?"

"Well... I thought I'd told you too much, as it was."

"Well, you haven't. As a matter of fact, you're going to meet me in the office of the Whippet Bus Lines tomorrow morning and tell me a lot more. Age, height, weight, and so forth. It's all going in on my report."

"Report?"

"Yes. You see, I ride Whippets all the time spotting service. That's my job. And my report on this trip is going to include a lot about you. Purpose: employment. Qualifications: courage; courtesy; mechanical ingenuity; to say nothing of attractive personality, clean-cut appearance, and... Oh, I could just go on and on about you."

"Could you?" asked Jim, a little incredulous.

"I could. Of course, the pay won't be much to start. Eighteen dollars a week, perhaps. But you'll get ahead, I truly believe."

"Thanks. Say—supposing they don't like me?"

Molly dimpled.

"They will," she assured him. "Besides, my uncle is the boss mechanic. Get your bag and we'll go to the ferry. I'm anxious to have you see Frisco. Do you think you can live here on eighteen a week?"

Eighteen dollars a week in North Millville. And eighteen a week in Frisco. What a difference!

"Say," said Jim, with vast appreciation, "that's a lot of money. I could live on it, save on it, and even have enough to take a girl to the movies once in a while."

THEY stood in front of the bus terminal. Jim looked at Molly.

"Molly," he said, "that part where you said—er... that stuff about attractive and... so forth. Did you really mean that?"

She slipped a small hand through his arm and pressed it lightly.

"Why don't you take me to the movies some time? Perhaps you'll find out."

Jim beamed with the strength of the sun itself. Molly seemed quite lost in his radiance. They were silent for a moment. Then, as his expression changed, she asked with sudden curiosity:

"What are you thinking?"

He did have a peculiar expression on his face: almost as if he felt inspired about something.

"Oh..." he said, with a grandiloquent gesture, which included the blue sky, and the sun, people on the streets, Oakland, San Francisco—across the bay—and Molly; especially Molly. "I was just thinking that life is richer in California!"

The Hitler Jitters

Continued from page 11

sandwich (which, German fashion, he had with him), unwrapped it from the piece of paper in which he had brought it, and proceeded to munch at it. While he was munching away, one of Hindenburg's secretaries entered the room and was greatly shocked at seeing the piece of paper in which the sandwich had been wrapped, lying on a near-by table.

"You mustn't leave that there!" he exclaimed.

"Why not?"

"Because President von Hindenburg is likely to come in here any minute, and—he might sign it!"

Even while the retailing of such disrespectful tittle-tattle was at its height, a goodly number of Germans still un-hypnotized by Hitler refused to believe

that the Grand Old Man of Germany had let himself be tossed into the discard. They still dreamed that Hindenburg would suddenly awaken, and stride forth, in majestic wrath, to administer another lesson to "that sergeant."

Inaudible Protest

They had visions of the old Field Marshal dominating the crisis of 1933 as he had dominated the crises of earlier years—backed by the Reichswehr, Germany's regular army, and the Stahlhelm, the Steel Helmets, that big semi-military organization, largely composed of ex-officers of the old imperial German army, which had shown itself more than

(Continued on page 38)

Whose was it?

no matter —
Film has it now!

Remove film... safeguard the beauty of your smile

TEETH are naturally lustrous, colored like rare pearls. Gradually film spreads over them... makes them darker... dulls their sparkle. Worst of all this film contains the tiny germs which cause tooth decay.

What is film?

Film is the sticky *mucin* in saliva. It forms in coats and patches. Bits of food stick to it. Some cause stain—others can't be seen.

In this moist, warm film live millions of tiny germs which cause tooth decay. They multiply. They decompose food particles. They produce strong acids that dissolve enamel and then destroy the part beneath. Soon the tooth is too far gone to save—and that's the result of tooth decay.

Other germs are found in film that spin like corkscrews. They are associated with dread "trench mouth." Still others are linked with pyorrhea. And all of these are incubated in the coating dentists know as *mucin plaque*—and we call film.

"What can I do to fight decay?"

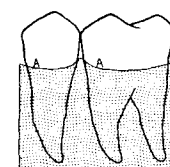
To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because the true value of a tooth paste is determined by its polishing material.

The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Its power to remove film stain is revolutionary!

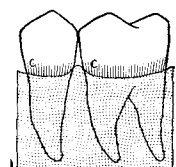
And so, when tempted to try cheap and

ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use it twice a day and see your dentist at least twice a year.

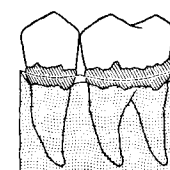
How *Film* leads to bleeding gums!



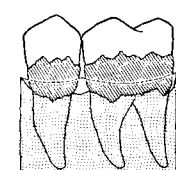
1 Normal clean teeth. (A) is gum line.



2 Film (C) begins to form near gum line. Bacteria begin to grow in film.



3 Film combines with minerals in saliva and hardens into tartar which produces irritation, causing gums to recede.



4 Tartar continues to form. Gum tissue is further destroyed. Gums bleed and the way is opened for serious infection.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

*Last year over 1,000,000 people
learned how to get*

8 GOOD PICTURES OUT OF 8

Nation-wide check of results
shows how easy it is!

New-type film made with special, sensitive coating provides speed and latitude ordinary film does not have. This overcomes common causes of snapshot failures.

You pay for 8 good pictures when you buy an 8 exposure roll of film, so why not get them? It is so easy with Agfa Plenachrome Film that even a child with a box camera can do it!

Does that sound too good to be true? Well, just wait until you try your first roll of Agfa Plenachrome and see the big difference!

Most people spoil their pictures by making mistakes in exposure. But with Agfa Plenachrome, the extra speed and wide latitude of its special, sensitive coating compensate for exposure errors. So, even with wide variations in exposure, you'll get clear, beautiful pictures.

Try it this week-end!

Millions who have used Agfa Plenachrome have proved that it gets snapshots that were impossible before. Put a roll in your camera and see for yourself.

Try it under unusual light conditions—in the lovely light of early morning, in the mellow light of late afternoon, or even on cloudy days when the light is dull. See how much richer, how much more beautiful your pictures will be! Just the kind that make wonderful enlargements.

Don't be afraid of over-exposure. Take full advantage of Agfa Plenachrome's wide latitude and you'll get 8 good pictures out of 8. Try a roll today. Agfa Ansco Corporation, Binghamton, New York.

Other Remarkable Agfa Films:

Agfa Fine-Grain Plenachrome (FA8) for miniature cameras.

Agfa Fine-Grain Film Cartridge for Leica and Contax cameras.

Agfa Superpan Rolls and Packs.

Agfa Panchromatic and Fine-Grain Superpan Reversible for 16 mm. movies.

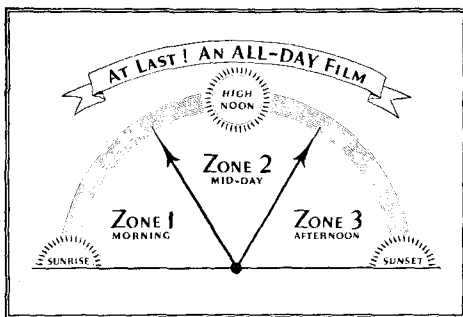
Agfa Plenachrome

8 good pictures out of 8

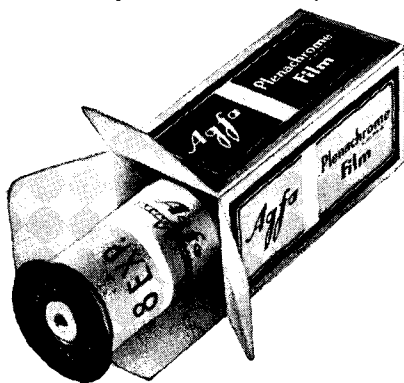


*Taken in
ZONE 1*

Off for the morning dip!... Early or late this new-type film gets the picture. Try it under difficult light conditions.



Two new zones (1 and 3) are added to your picture-taking day by Agfa Plenachrome. In the early morning or late afternoon when the light is soft and shadows are delicate, this perfectly sensitized film allows you to get marvelous snapshots that capture the true beauty of the scene.



(Continued from page 37)

once resentful of Hitler's monopolizing of the limelight.

Hindenburg, Reichswehr, Stalhelm! "If only they would combine to put an end to the rule of Hitlerism!" That is the prayer which goes up constantly from the lips of numerous Germans nowadays: Jews wondering what new blow will fall upon them; champions of the prostrate German Republic; hunted or imprisoned Communists; and plain citizens, of every variety of religious and political faith, who just want to live a quiet life and be done with all the nerve-shattering excitement which, to the average Nazi, is breath and food and drink.

But these people, if you can get them to talk, will acknowledge (after that quick glance over the shoulder) that Hitler's opponents have no time to lose.

"If they don't act soon," one of them admitted to me, "it will be too late. You can see for yourself that Hitler isn't letting the grass grow under his feet."

Crashing the Party

In Germany nowadays one is constantly running into the Hitlerist auxiliary police force, made up of members of Hitler's storm troops, and added to the regular police force when he came to power. In front of his headquarters and before the presidential palace and the old Chancellery these auxiliaries mount guard, side by side with the regular policeman sentries, and when they do it they are armed with revolvers, which they keep strapped to their waists, where anybody can see them.

Through the streets of Berlin, at night and in the small hours of the morning, roam patrols made up of these Nazi auxiliary police, who scrutinize all passers-by, or march suddenly into nocturnal resorts, either in search of some individual out of favor with the authorities, or merely to remind patrons that Hitler and Hitlerism are the supreme power in the land.

One night, while I was in a resort of Berlin Bohemians, a regular policeman, followed by a Nazi patrol, suddenly pushed open the door and strode in. A chill fell on everybody. We foreigners fumbled in our pockets to see if we had our passports, and sat in silence, trying to look as peaceful and foreign as possible.

But Hitler's minions were not after us—that time. Beckoning to some men at the next table, they shepherded them into a side room and put them through rigorous questioning, while the rest of us shifted to our feet uneasily. The policemen then tramped out again, without making any arrest; the men who had attracted such unwelcome attention dribbled back to their seats; and—with a big sigh of relief from all sides—Bohemian life was resumed.

"Does this happen often?" I asked a Berliner.

"Every night," he answered, "all over Berlin."

If the chief of the victorious Nazis yields to the voice of conciliation, which undoubtedly speaks on occasion to his inner self, he will put the soft pedal on violence. He will curb the wildest of the wild men among his followers. He will hint that he might possibly be brought to believe that a man can be a patriotic German without wearing a brown shirt and a scowl.

He may seek to smooth over divergences between the Nazis and the Nationalists, who helped them to power. If he does, or indicates in some other way that he has come off his high horse, he will greatly diminish the ill-feeling toward himself and his régime which is rife among those Germans whom he has so rudely dislodged. If he does not, he may find himself in a

serious free-for-all fight with them.

Serious as are the perils lying in Hitler's path at home, they cannot compare in dangerous potentialities with what he may have to face in dealing with foreign countries.

Among Germany's neighbors are three—France, Poland, Czechoslovakia—whose anti-Germanism, strong at all times, has been raised by the advent of Hitler to a pitch never reached since Europe was reshaped by the Treaty of Versailles.

France sees in triumphant Hitlerism the biggest menace to her security. Always she has feared the re-birth of a militant Germany. If Hitler does not prove soon that his most violent statements are merely jingoistic ballyhoo, for home consumption, the French, convinced anew that Germany is preparing to strike, may take effective counter-measure—even to the point of striking first.

As for Poland, preservation of her frontiers as laid down in the Treaty of Versailles—including especially retention of the Polish Corridor—has become a life-and-death matter; just as, to the uncompromising Nazi, reincorporation of the Corridor into Germany is a basic article of political faith. Poland is in a fighting mood. So is Hitlerite Germany. But there is this big difference just now: should real trouble break out between the two, Germany might find herself just Germany, whereas Poland (unless some sensational alteration should occur in the European line-up) would be Poland *plus* France. That is something calculated to make even the most rabid Nazi fire eater go on a diet of more cooling food.

Czechoslovakia, like Poland, exists because Germany was defeated in the World War, and looks upon France as the main guarantee of her continued existence. So the rise of Hitler, with his talk of a tremendously powerful "Third Reich," has made the Czechs suspicious and nervous.

Nor do they stand alone in their part of the European Continent. Allied with them in antagonism to Germany's resumption of her pre-war place in the sun are the two other members of the Little Entente, Yugoslavia and Rumania, which, ever since the end of the war, have assisted the Czechs in keeping alight in southeastern Europe the torch of French influence.

So there is abundant reason for Adolf Hitler to do some deep thinking before identifying himself irrevocably with the wild men in his party.

Hail! Hail to What?

Meanwhile—fifes shrilling, drums beating, men singing—another big Nazi demonstration. Thousands of Brown Shirts are drawn up along one of Berlin's main thoroughfares. Again crowds line the sidewalks—men, women, children. Babies, raised up on parents' shoulders, crow gleefully, stretch out chubby arms in salute. There is a tremor of excitement, a throb of expectancy.

"Ah!"

A motor-car, flying the swastika flag, whirls into sight. Brown-sleeved arms shoot upward. In the car is a pale man, in brown uniform, with close-clipped mustache and unsmiling features.

Adolf Hitler!

The paraders stiffen into military rigidity; they look like thousands of sticks of dynamite standing on end. From thousands of throats comes a roar like artillery:

"Hail!"

Is this mass of high explosive called Hitlerism destined to be touched off some day, hurled on a mission of destruction? If so, what will it destroy? Its enemies? Itself? Its Fatherland?

Slander

Continued from page 25

entered the hotel and made inquiries. He returned in a moment, gave instructions to the chauffeur and in a couple of minutes the car stopped again, before a brightly lighted brick building set back thirty yards from the main street. The lawn was crowded with people who milled back and forth.

"Pete's in here. It's the hospital," said Cranston.

Martha looked a question at him, and the agony in her eyes had its counterpart in his heart.

"He's okay," he assured her. "He's working on the injured."

They pushed their way through the crowd and on the steps of the hospital a man exclaimed at sight of them.

"It's Cranston," he cried. "And Miss Blaisdell. Well, for heaven's sake, where did you two come from? And hold it, folks."

BESIDE them there was a flash of light and a puff of white smoke.

"Hope you don't mind," said the speaker, "but my camera man had to get you two. You remember me? I'm from the Planet. Give me a few words so that I can shoot them to New York in time for the first edition in the morning. Where were you two when you got news of this disaster? Were you together? Did you know Baxter was on the train? Come on, spill something. All I've got so far is tragedy; I want a little human interest, maybe a little love interest for the morning paper. You two weren't in Buffalo, were you? Not at Niagara Falls? You weren't married and on a honeymoon?"

"We haven't a thing on earth to tell you," said Cranston angrily. He took Martha's arm and urged her past the man. The reporter shrugged. After all, their mere presence was worth a few paragraphs. And he'd wait around and perhaps they'd talk later.

A burly policeman checked them at the door.

"Friends of Dr. Peter Baxter," Cranston explained.

"There's hundreds of people been trying to get in here," the officer said. He looked at Martha. Haggard though she was from apprehension and exhaustion, she was nevertheless the prettiest girl the policeman had ever seen. "I'll let you in," he said.

In the hallway was another officer. He too appraised Martha and discovered in himself a graciousness not too usual with him. The Lord only knew what room Dr. Baxter was in or what he was doing, but he'd find out. He did, and a moment later they ascended a flight of stairs to the second floor. A white-coated surgeon met them.

"Friends of Dr. Baxter? Well, I guess you can see him. He's about all in. Only quit work fifteen minutes ago. Burned worse than a lot of people who have been put to bed, but he refused to rest."

He led them to a door, which he unceremoniously opened. There, upon a bed, his face framed in bandages, but fully dressed, lay Baxter. A cry of pity burst from Martha's lips. She almost ran across the little room to bend over the injured man.

The blue eyes of Baxter flashed with a light unmistakable to any woman.

"Peter, can you talk? Are you suffering dreadfully?"

His mouth curled in a grin.

"I'm all right. Probably better than I ever was. Sometimes freckles are cured by a burn. Hello, Cranston. Nice of you two to come here. Mind if I don't get up?"

"You mustn't even think of such a thing," said Martha. "Pete, are you badly hurt?"

"I'm not too good," he admitted, "but a night's rest will fix me up."

Martha straightened up.

"And we're keeping you from that rest. We'll leave you right away."

He shook his head and the movement made him grimace with pain.

"Don't do that. I won't sleep for some time. Tell me, what are you two doing here—together?"

Martha answered the question first. "That's an accident," she said hastily.

"Bert found out where I was and came to see me. Over the radio we heard of the wreck and motored right over here."

"Darned nice of you," said Baxter. "Never expected to see you two again. Not for a long time, anyway."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Martha.

"On my way to China. Catching a boat from Seattle on Saturday. Going to a place called TaiPing, to stay at least three years, and probably the rest of my life. Being sent out there by the Medical Foundation. Something I've wanted to do all my life, it seems to me, and the chance came last week. I grabbed it."

"You're going to China?" Martha's voice was low, incredulous.

Baxter grinned, and then winced as the twitch of his lips made pain shoot across his cheeks.

"Might run into you, Bert. You might come moseying down from Mongolia or across the Gobi Desert on one of your trips. I hope you'll tip your hat the way Stanley did to Livingstone and say, 'Dr. Baxter, I presume.'"

The doctor who had admitted them spoke now:

"I think it's about time Dr. Baxter tried to sleep. You can come back and see him in the morning."

"You mustn't bother about me," said Baxter. "I'm all right. I'll be taking a train for Chicago tomorrow. Today, I guess I mean. I can't miss that boat."

Martha looked apprehensively at the physician, who stood by. He nodded.

"Dr. Baxter can make the trip," he said. "Those burns will be very uncomfortable for some time to come, but he can treat them himself. If he gets a good sleep now he'll be all right."

Even as he spoke Baxter's eyes closed and his mouth relaxed.

"I gave him an opiate," whispered the attending physician. "You'd better go now."

OUTSIDE still lingered the persistent reporter, but Cranston pushed by him and helped Martha into their waiting car. He told the driver to take them to the hotel.

"I managed to engage a couple of rooms when we stopped there a while back," he said. "You need rest as badly as Pete does."

"He's going to China," said Martha. "For three years. Maybe for longer."

Cranston took her hand in his.

"Does it mean so much, Martha?"

She looked at him. Even in the darkness he could see a liquid gleam in her eyes, a gleam that could be brought there only by welling tears.

"It means more than anything, Bert."

She felt his fingers press her own.

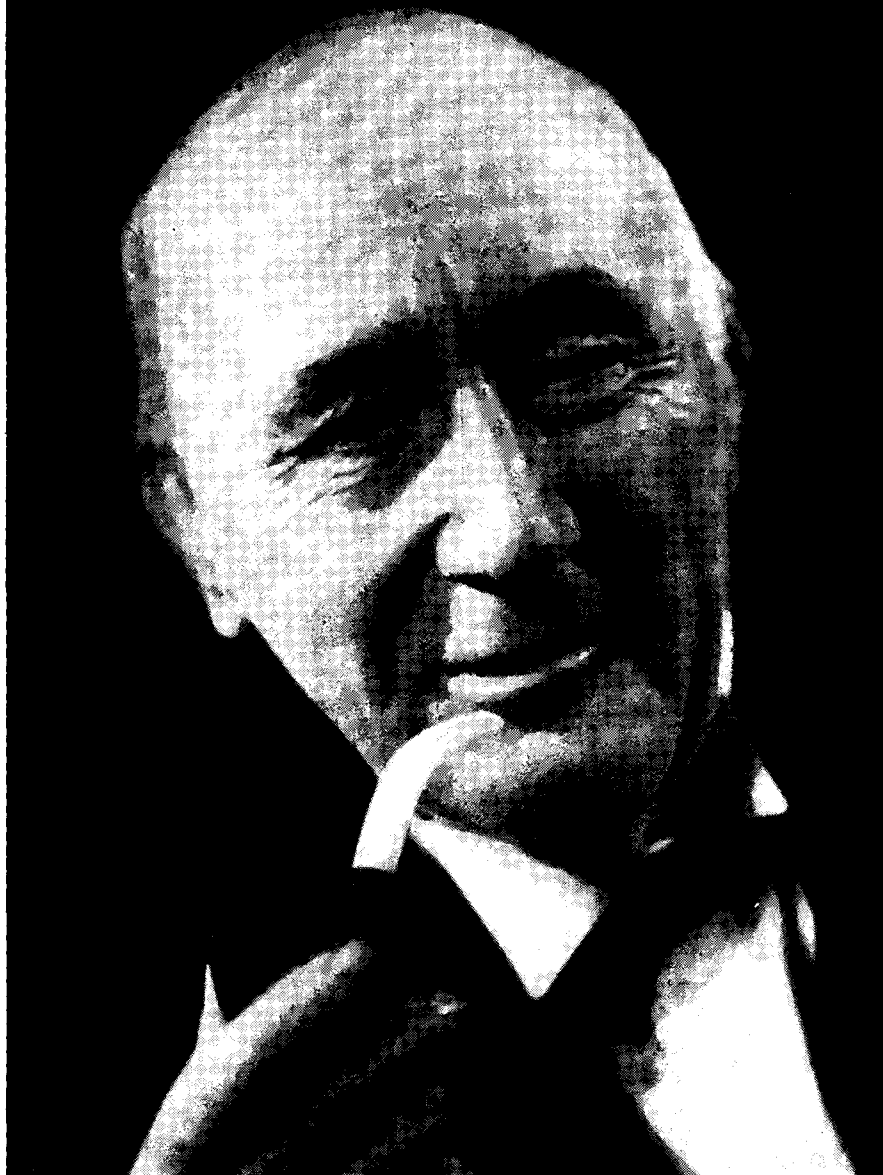
"Well, you said you'd give me my answer before we separated tonight, and you've kept your word."

"Have I hurt you, Bert?" she asked.

"Why think about my hurt?" He pressed her hand again.

(Continued on page 40)

*"I'm no tightwad..
but I appreciate Value!"*

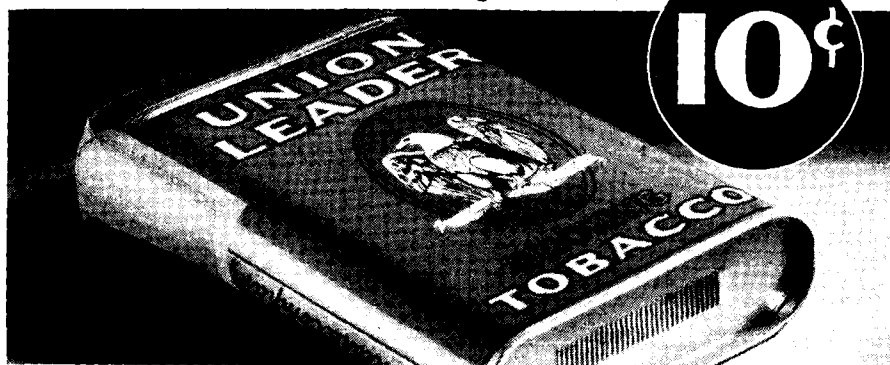


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(Continued from page 39)

"I'll cure your hurt," she said impulsively.

He shook his head.

"I don't think that can be done," he smiled.

"I never really loved you, Bert," she said. "Oh, I'm ashamed to confess it, but I'm not the kind of girl you thought I was. I don't mean the dreadful things that Gerrish hinted at. But I do mean that I was the kind of a girl who would pretend to love a man when what she wanted was his money. And the hurt that kind of girl gives can't last long. Not when a man knows that she is cheap and mean and mercenary."

"And you expect me to believe that you were those things?"

"I am those things. I learned I had no money. I intended to marry you, not because I loved you—although I think you're one of the finest men I ever knew—but because you had money, position, fame, all the things I wanted a husband to have."

"Why tell me now?" he protested.

"I just told you why. So that you won't feel too badly about me. Bert, you'd never have been happy with me. All this scandal, this dreadful notoriety—it will be unending. You heard that newspaper man just now? Every time anything happens the papers will reprint the story of what we went through. You can stand that by yourself. But if you were married to me, if the papers hinted at scandal about your wife—you couldn't stand it, you'd be miserable."

"I'll be miserable without you," he told her.

"But not for a lifetime, Bert. You'll think clearly, you'll see clearly. You'll see that we wouldn't have been happy. And you'll decide in your heart that I'm not the kind of girl to be miserable about. A girl who would contemplate marrying a man she didn't love isn't the kind of girl you'll break your heart over."

He tried to smile.

"You're pretty grand, Martha. Because you don't want me to be unhappy you try to make yourself out less nice than you are. But you can't convince me. The very fact that you try to prove you aren't nice proves how great you are. Are you going to marry Baxter?" he asked suddenly.

SHE felt the hot color sweep over her face.

"He hasn't asked me," she said. "How can I marry a man who's starting a new career, who doesn't want to be hampered by a wife? At least he shouldn't want to be."

"But if you don't—what then?"

Into her voice came the merriment that was never too deeply submerged.

"I'm a most efficient companion-governess. Mrs. Gray doesn't mind the fact that I deceived her about my name. She wants me back."

"But, good Lord, you can't keep up that sort of thing, Martha. It isn't the kind of a life you can stand. I never heard anything so absurd. A companion, a governess! That isn't the sort of life for you, and you know it."

"Peter hasn't refused to marry me, yet," she reminded him. "Oh, Bert, how do I know anything? How can I tell you anything?"

"You can tell me one thing: You can tell me that if you're in trouble, in need, you'll remember that I love you and that I want to be your best friend on earth. Will you promise to come to me for anything you need?"

"I promise," she said.

The car stopped before the hotel. They entered. A bellboy, excited at the late hours, showed them to their rooms on the second floor. Outside her door Cranston lingered.

"Martha, there's an early train to New York in the morning. I'd rather, if you don't mind, not see you tomorrow. You see, my dear, you haven't cured my hurt, and the more I see of you the less chance there is of its being cured. The car will be waiting to take you back to Blairsport. The man is paid. You know where I live. If you ever want me—goodbye, my dear."

Martha entered her room, to fling herself face down upon the bed, to weep as she had never wept before. But even through her sobs there was something of exaltation in her heart. Tomorrow, this morning rather, she would see Pete again.

THE sunlight streaming through the window awakened her. She sat up in bed, startled, not recognizing her surroundings. Suddenly she remembered, but with remembrance came fear. Peter had been very brave last night, but he must have been in agony. His poor face. He had joked about it, said that it was a cure for freckles. But perhaps he would be frightfully scarred. She closed her eyes and tried to visualize a Peter without freckles, a Peter whose face was a twisted mass. Would she love such a man? The answer came clearly to her: until she died she would love such a man.

She rang for breakfast and the waiter who brought her meal also gave her a note. She recognized Cranston's writing. She opened it with hands that trembled.

Dearest: Whatever you do, whatever you decide, wherever you go, remember that a word will bring me. BERT.

That was all, and she was glad that it was no more. And though she felt shame and remorse at having hurt him, her heart was too full of someone else for shame and remorse to stay with her long.

She telephoned the hospital and was told that Dr. Baxter was much better, could indeed answer the telephone, and she waited like a nervous schoolgirl for the sound of his voice.

"This is Martha," she told him. "How are you?"

"All right. Much better than I've any right to be. The doctors here are ready to discharge me. As the doctor told you last night, I can treat my burns myself and so I'm leaving this afternoon."

"Oh," she said blankly. "I'll see you before you go?"

"Of course," he said. "Where are you?"

"At the only hotel in town," she replied.

"I'll be over in about half an hour," he said. "Can you see me then?"

"Yes," she replied.

That gave her time to drink a cup of coffee, to bathe, to fix her lips and her nails and to don the pretty frock she had brought with her. She adjusted her tiny hat carefully when the hotel clerk announced over the telephone that Dr. Baxter was calling, and she descended the stairs confidently.

But the calmness of her expression was dissipated by his appearance. His clothes were torn and soiled. Of course, she told herself, his baggage had been lost in the wreck. But his somewhat gaunt frame seemed leaner than ever. The bandages of last night had been trimmed down a little, but they still covered both sides of his face. Nevertheless, there was gayety in his blue eyes as he advanced to meet her.

"Peter, are you sure you're able to go away today?"

He smiled at her.

"Absolutely. I'm not sure about the freckles, though. Dr. Prendergast, at the hospital, says that I'm not as seri-

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ously burned as he thought. I'm afraid the freckles will come back."

"I hope so," she smiled. "I want those freckles there."

He led her to a wide seat before a large plate-glass window that looked out upon Abdegon's main street.

"I'll send you a photograph if the freckles return," he promised.

"You think you'll need to?" she asked.

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do you think I mean?" she countered.

"I'm afraid to think," he replied.

"I'll tell you, Peter, if the freckles don't come back we just won't take any pictures of you."

He looked hard at her.

"We?" he asked.

"We," she replied.

"WHERE is Cranston this morning?" he demanded.

"He's gone to New York. Peter, I'm not going to marry him. He's the second finest man I know, but I could only marry the finest. And I'm becoming embarrassed. Is the finest going to ask me to marry him?"

"You're mad, Martha. That is, if I understand—"

"Even so simple a person as yourself ought to be able to understand what I mean. That day when you and Bert took Gerrish—didn't you say then that you loved me? Have you changed, Peter?"

Agony was in his eyes now.

"Martha, I don't know what's happened. I only know that unless I'm insane you're telling me that you care for me. And it can't be, Martha. I'm going to China, into the interior, where few white men ever stray. I'm going there because I have to go. Don't ask me why, because I couldn't answer you. Sometimes I look at myself and ask myself if it's a great vanity that makes me want to bury myself in TaiPing. There are, you know," and whimsicality was in his voice, "such things, the modern psychologists tell us, as martyr complexes. Science seems to have the occasional unhappy faculty of making life too obvious and what we think are virtues are mere responses to our needs. I don't know. If it isn't too great an impertinence to think that God would deign to notice me, I would feel that I had been called by Him. But anyway, no matter why I'm going, I am going. I have to go."

"Whither thou goest," she smiled.

"You can't mean that. Are you trying to tell me that you want to share the life I'll lead in China?"

"I'm trying to tell you what you told me two weeks ago—that I love you," she said.

He moved away from her slightly,

and the trembling of his body communicated itself to his voice.

"I won't listen to such a thing," he said. "I haven't the right to listen."

"And you deny me the right to be heard?" she demanded.

"Because you don't know what you're saying. Martha, I can't be turned aside. I have my destiny as I see it and it must be fulfilled. And to let a gentle thing like you share that destiny—"

She laughed at him.

"Oh, not so gentle. You can't give me fifteen at tennis and I could dance you into exhaustion."

"There'll be no tennis, there'll be no dancing in China," he said.

"But there'll be we," she told him.

"There won't be we. Don't you see what you're making me do, Martha? I want you so much that now, knowing you care for me, I can't bear to let you go. Yet I can't bear to let you share the life that I must lead. And I don't want to be weak, Martha. And I know that if I saw you doing menial work I'd become weak. And there'd be menial work. You can't imagine what it will be like in TaiPing. No companionship, no luxuries—my God, not even the decent conveniences which we think are essential to life. You'd go mad."

"But I am mad," she retorted. "I've thought it over—"

"You've done nothing of the sort," he interrupted. "You're acting on an impulse and I won't permit it."

"Is it gallant to refuse a lady's prayer?" she asked mischievously.

"DON'T be gay; you only make it harder for me."

"And I shall continue making it harder for you until you give in. You say it's an impulse; perhaps you're right. But it's a decent impulse. And at the same time it's a selfish impulse. Pete, I just can't live without you and I'm not going to try. I'm not a fool. I know the things to which I am used aren't easy to give up. I know that when we're off in China, thousands of miles from the life I've led and loved, there will be black moments, black days, black months perhaps. But if I let you go without me those black months will begin tonight, and I don't know when they'll lighten or if they ever will. But in China, there'll be you, and even in the moments I hate you because you let me do this mad thing, I'll adore you, too, because you let me do it."

"I'm a woman, Pete. I'm a human being. Those two things mean that I'm changeable and flighty and not certain of myself most of the time. You'll have to be patient with me. You'll have to realize that while your call to service buoys you up above hardship and disappointment, I will have only my love

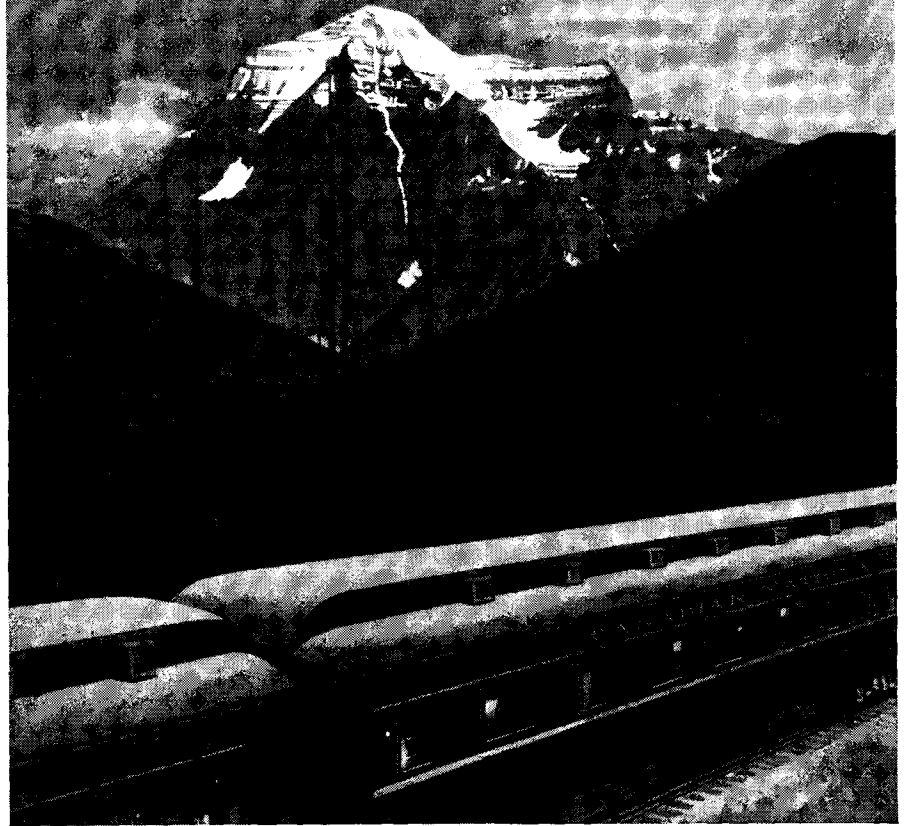
(Continued on page 42)



"Hold it, Emil, they want the copy changed"

Henry Anton

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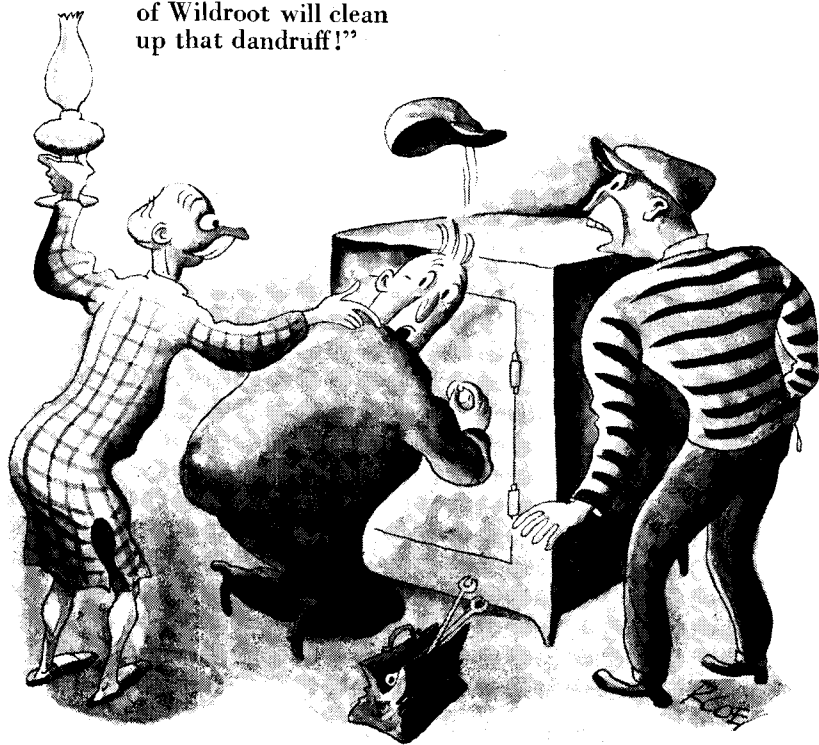


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for you and your love for me. If we were to move down to Long Island and you were to establish a fashionable practice, I could promise you, in deep sincerity, that while I might be occasionally petulant I would never be angry, never nag, never be a weight upon you.

"But in the life we're going to lead, under the conditions we're going to live, I can't promise any of those things. I'm going to miss bridge, and theaters, and gay week-ends, and dances, and nicely appointed things. I wouldn't be human if I didn't miss them, and I'd be a liar if I told you I wouldn't miss them, and our life is to start with no lie, Pete. It won't be easy; I expect to shed oceans of tears. But I expect to love you until I die. Pete, are you taking me with you?"

He looked at her.

"I'M NOT going to kiss you, Martha, though I'm not afraid of the people outside who can see us through the window, or of the people in the hotel lobby here. I'm not going to touch your hand. I'm going down to the railroad station. I'm going to get a drawing-room to Chicago, and another one from Chicago to Seattle. Then I'm going to find a minister. I'm going to ask him to marry us. I'm going to see the railroad company's insurance adjuster. The railroad has been very kind. A man saw me this morning, to tell me that any cash I needed would be given me at once to replace my effects. They would waive formalities. I'll need that cash to buy another outfit in Chicago in the few hours I'll be there. I have a very few thousand dollars in the bank, but we can get a check cashed in Chicago to buy things for you.

"My train leaves at three o'clock. Between now and two you'll have to think. If you feel as you say you do, it wouldn't be fair to kiss you, not fair to either of us. Neither of us would think clearly if we kissed. So I'm going to walk out of here. I'll come back at two with everything ready for our marriage. I want you to spend these next few hours in thinking. I don't want you to let your emotions race away with you. If you tell me at two that you do not care enough to share my life I shall be disappointed beyond my power to express, but not disappointed in you, Martha, for I will know that you have decided what is best for both of us. And if what is best means lifelong loneliness for me, I shall nevertheless accept it as the final decision of the loveliest girl I shall ever know. And if you decide to go with me, we'll go to the courthouse and get our license. The minister will be waiting; we'll be married at once and take the train.

"No, don't say a single word. I want you to make your decision after I've gone."

HE ROSE abruptly and walked out of the hotel. She stumbled toward the stairs that led to her room. Through the plate-glass window she saw him on the sidewalk. He looked pathetic with the bandage about his head, in his soiled and shabby clothes. She touched her fingers to her lips and threw a kiss in his direction.

The clerk at the desk saw the tender message wafted and grinned. What a sap that bandaged guy was to be leaving her. Let a girl as good-looking as this one blow kisses to him, the clerk, and he wouldn't be walking away.

Martha went to her room. She picked up the Buffalo papers which had been left at her door this morning. She tried to read the account of the wreck of yesterday but all she saw was the recurring name of Dr. Peter Baxter. She

put the paper down and stared out the window.

TaiPing. The very name connoted remoteness, strangeness, loneliness. And Bert Cranston, proud though he might be, would still be glad to take her. It would be pleasant being married to Bert. That routine of life which until recently she had thought she could not live without was a delightful routine. Even if her husband left her occasionally for trips of exploration, there would be the excitement of his goings and the joy of his returns. If she loved him.

Pete had spoken of impulse. Could this be true? Was there glamour about him because he was different from the other men she knew? But, in a way, Bert was different from other men, and yet he had not the glamour of Pete. No, it wasn't impulse, unless love itself were an impulse.

She leaned back in a chair and closed her eyes. She saw herself set down in the heart of China, surrounded by jabbering, dirty natives. She visualized the long months, the years even, when the only person with whom she could exchange speech would be Pete.

Would she be bored with him? The question was absurd; of course she'd be bored with him, just exactly as she would hate him occasionally. But had she the fineness of character, the endurance of soul, to survive the trials and the hardships of life with him?

But who could answer that? She hoped she could endure it. Certainly, if she loved with passion, she should give that love a chance to find out how durable it was. If she refrained from the great adventure, how could she know whether she was fitted for adventure?

THE telephone in her room jangled sharply. She glanced at her watch. Hours had passed; it was two o'clock; she hadn't even thought to order luncheon. She trembled so that she was barely able to walk across the room to the telephone. The instrument shook in her hand as she lifted it from a table.

"Martha? I'm downstairs."

"Why, Pete, I've forgotten to pack my bag."

She heard him chuckle.

"What a wonderful helpmate you'll be for a missionary doctor. You know, you'll have to mix my medicines, and if you forget them—"

"I suppose you'll scold," she laughed.

"Scold? Don't be silly. A few patients will die, that's all."

"I'll pack the bag in two minutes," she promised.

In the middle of her packing she stopped and laughed aloud. What had he said? That he wouldn't scold but that a few patients would die. Oh, perhaps it wasn't the brightest witticism ever uttered, but it was gay, just as he was gay. He might have a mission, might feel himself called to service, but never would he lose the gayety that went with his red hair, his freckles, his blue eyes. She made a little prayer, that God would never let her lose her gayety, either. She snapped the lock of her bag. She must remember to wire Mrs. Gray to send her things instantly to Seattle. She must send wires to Trudie, to all her friends. She must go downstairs at once. The train left in an hour.

The clerk at the desk saw her approach the bandaged hero of the wreck. This time she didn't blow a kiss to Pete. Their lips met in full view of whoever cared to observe.

"Not such a sap after all, that guy," said the clerk to himself.

Which was, perhaps, a perfectly good substitute for rice and old shoes.

THE END

What could a fellow Do?

Continued from page 17

me flat after all I done for you! If that ain't a dame, I ask you!"

"I don't want to leave you, Johnny, only—"

"The more you do for 'em the less they appreciate it."

"Oh, I appreciate it, Johnny, only I don't think I ought to stay here like this—"

"You mean with me?"

"Oh, no. I mean letting you pay my board and everything."

"You think we ought to get married. Is that it?"

"Oh, no, Johnny, honest, I never thought that. I know you'd never marry me."

"I wouldn't marry anybody. If you've got any ideas like that in your head you'd better check them outside."

"I haven't, Johnny. If you only knew how happy I am here."

"Well, you oughtn't to be. No nice girl would be happy living this way."

"But I am happy."

"O. K., then. I can't stop you being that way, can I?"

But he came home on the dot every night. No lingering at the public library. No stopping at the club for a word with the boys. Home, quick as the arrow flies. And dinner, hot and tempting, was always ready. Juicy steaks, swimming in gravy. Mashed potatoes. Fresh green vegetables. Apple pies. And it was surprising how little it cost him. If anybody had told him a month ago that two could live as cheaply as one . . .

Funny little thing, too. Quiet as a mouse, always worrying for fear she was not doing enough.

One morning she said, "Johnny, I think flowers would look awful pretty on the table."

"Flowers!" he shouted at her. "There you go! Dames are all alike. They want flowers and candy and fur coats."

She said, "Oh, Johnny, if you can't afford it—"

"Who says I can't? You think you can get around me that way. Well, don't let me hear you hollering for flowers again."

He went out the door. He thought about it all day. On the way home he bought a quarter's worth of roses from a flower stand. After all, a quarter was not much to spend to decorate his home. . . .

Someone came up behind him. "Strike me pink, if it ain't Johnny with a bunch of flowers!"

He turned. It was Myrna, her red lips drawn back in a smile, but her eyes hard. "Who's the lucky number, and is the wedding day all set?"

He looked her up and down coolly. "Hello, Myrna, what's on your mind?"

"You are," she said quickly. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Working nights."

"Do you call that work?"

He said: "I got a little place of my own and I like flowers in the vases. Now try that over on your piano."

She came close to him. "Who is she?" she asked. "What has she got that I haven't?"

"Be your age," he said.

COMING up the stairs he could hear Molly singing. She had a high, sweet voice, and when she thought no one was around, she sang. Sometimes he lingered outside the door, listening. Tonight he let himself in.

Her eyes darted to the green parcel. "Oh," she said, "you got some."

"Anything the matter with them?"

"Oh, no, they're beautiful."

He watched her filling the vase from the mantelpiece, tucking in the flowers one at a time with gentle little pats.

"Don't they look nice?"

"So so," he said.

He went over to the door, opened it, shut it. "I'm going out after dinner and get a chain for this door."

"A chain? What for?"

"Oh, I dunno. Somebody might try to bust in one of these days when you're here alone. A chain would keep 'em out. You could open the door on it. Don't ever let nobody in you don't know."

"I won't, Johnny."

"Not *anybody*. See?"

"I don't know anybody. Who'd come to see me?"

"I dunno," he said.

THEY had been taking inventory at the store. It was twelve before he reached the flat. He let himself in and stopped short. A woman's voice was talking. Not Molly's.

His face hardened. But when he went into the living-room he saw that Molly was laughing, her cheeks pink, her eyes bright.

"Hello," said Myrna. "I just dropped in."

He glanced at Molly.

Molly rose. "Have you had your dinner, Johnny?"

"Sure."

He glanced at Myrna. "Well, if you gotta go, Myrna, don't let me stop you."

Molly said, "Oh, but she waited for you to come home before leaving."

Myrna rose, smiling. "You don't mind my calling on your wife, do you, Johnny?"

Molly said, "I told you we weren't married."

"Oh, so you did. I forgot."

He went to the door, held it open. "Beat it!"

Myrna smiled at Molly. "We've had a lovely chat. Don't forget, you're coming over to see me soon."

"Oh, is she?" Johnny said.

Myrna glanced around the room lightly. "You got it fixed up awful sweet here. So homey."

She went out.

"What made you let her in?" he demanded.

"She said she was a friend of yours."

"What else did she say?"

"Oh, nothing special."

"She shouldn't have come here. That's why I put the chain on the door."

"She seems real nice."

"Like a snake's nice."

"She's the kind of girl you ought to go out with, Johnny—you used to, didn't you?"

"Did she tell you that?"

"Yes, but I guessed it anyhow."

"She never meant a thing to me. I haven't any use for her. Don't let her in again."

"I won't, Johnny."

But he felt uneasy about it. Why, he could not have said. And then, as the days went past, it was borne in upon him that Molly was changing. That she was no longer happy. Not in the way she used to be, singing and laughing all the time.

And then, one night when he came home, he knew she had been crying. She tried hard to hide it, but her eyes were red.

After dinner he watched her from behind his newspaper. When she thought he was not looking, her face grew wistful, sad, her shoulders drooped. Tired, eh? Tired of being

(Continued on page 44)



I am my own rich uncle

You've done it, too, perhaps . . . I'll confess I have—shamelessly and often—wished that I could dig up a rich uncle somewhere.

At my age, though, wishing is a fruitless pastime and it's a little late to be creating wealthy relatives. . . . So I have become my own rich uncle.

I've got a retirement income bond from Sun Life. . . . They'll take care of my spare money for a few years. Then it starts coming back to me—every month as long as I live . . . coming from Sun Life, one of the soundest, safest institutions in the world.

Sun Life assets exceed \$600,000,000. It is the leading international insurance company. Founded 1865. Branches in 40 states; 40 countries. Sun Life retirement income bonds are flexible, liberal, modern.



THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
United States Department, Washington, D. C.
(Residents of Canada: Please address Montreal, Quebec)
Please send me information on a Sun Life Retirement Income Bond.

C2

CLIP OUT
AND MAIL
COUPON

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND STATE _____ AGE _____

This ^{one} ^{two} treatment

STOPS DANDRUFF



STEP
1

a few minutes
each week with
**PACKER'S
TAR SOAP**

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich piney lather. Packer's Tar Soap contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.

STEP
2

one minute
each day with
**PACKER'S
SCALPTONE**

Massage the tingling goodness of Packer's Scalptone into your scalp. Rub it in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up the scalp—tone up the nerves—make your head healthy and happy, too!

Note Scalptone's
patented
Oil Tube

If you need oil, add
just the right amount
to have your hair
the way you want it

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It is the only tonic that is adjustable. In the neck of every bottle there is a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair.



**AFTER
21
DAYS**

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy or plastered down. And as for dandruff—well, this treatment usually stops it inside of 3 weeks. If you aren't satisfied—write us. We'll cheerfully refund the purchase price if you'll let us know the amount.

PACKER'S Dandruff Treatment

1 PACKER'S TAR SOAP

2 PACKER'S SCALPTONE

(Continued from page 43)
cooped up like this. Give a dame a nice, soft berth and ten to one she'll run out on you!

He put down the paper. "What's eating you?"

She looked up startled, her face white. "Nothing, Johnny, why?"

"Oh, I dunno."
He watched her every night. She knew it now and did her best to keep up, but the effort was too much for her. She did not eat much, and she had dark circles under her eyes. Well, if she wanted to go that much, why didn't she say so?

He said it to her one evening. "I guess you're about through here, aren't you?"

She was wiping a dish. It slipped through her fingers to the floor with a crash. "Through? Did you say through?"

He looked away, said, "What do you say we call it a day?"

Her lips moved; she said in a small voice, "I'll go if you want me to."

"Listen, I'm not turning you out."

SHE folded the dish towel slowly. She stooped and gathered up the bits of broken china and said, "I guess you're right, Johnny."

"Sure, I'm right. No use hanging around if you want to go—"

"If I want to go!"

"Well, what's the pay-off, then? Is it another guy?"

"Another guy!"

She was sobbing now, her face between her hands. He got up, went over to her, patted her shoulder. "O. K., kid; you don't have to tell me if you don't want to. It's none of my business anyhow, I guess."

She said in a muffled voice, "Oh, Johnny—" stopped, could not continue. "Maybe you don't feel so good. Maybe you work too hard around here or something. Stick in the house too much. Why don't you go out more? Go to a movie? Go for a walk? Listen, you don't have to hang around this dump all day long."

"I don't ever want to go away from here."

"O. K., then; it ain't work, it ain't another guy, it ain't that you're sick, so what?"

She shook her head. "It's nothing, Johnny. It's— Don't mind me."

All next day he felt vaguely disturbed about her. At lunch-time he debated taking a run home to see whether she was all right and at five he was out of the store like a shot.

But she was not in. He had not come home for months and found the flat empty. Nor was there any sign of dinner. The place was in darkness, the windows carefully shut against a possible storm. He felt a sudden overwhelming terror, like cold fingers at his throat. Molly! . . . Where are you, Molly? . . .

People always left notes when they went away. There was no note. Nothing to indicate where she had gone or why. Silence. The little flat, bathed in warm yellow light, was as empty as death.

So she had flown the coop. Given him the go-by. Without a word, a sign. He would have sworn Molly could not do him dirt. Not Molly. Surely not Molly. Perhaps, he thought, with a flutter of hope, she had taken his advice, gone for a walk, gone to the movies. Perhaps she would come back any minute.

She did not come back. The red hand on the electric clock on the mantelpiece completed its circle again and again. It grew dark outside. A snake of green lights coiled around and around an illuminated sign across the street.

He turned away from the window

and paced the floor. Up and down. Up and down. Oh, God, don't let her go like this. Make her come back. Don't let her leave me. . . .

Then the searing thought: Maybe she's dead! Maybe she's run over. But the sergeant's voice at the police station came soothingly over the wire: "Sure, now, bad news travels faster than good. If she'd been hurt you'd have heard about it long before this."

But where could she be? Why had she gone? She had no friends. No family. No one to visit. No one to turn to. No one—

Suddenly, unaccountably there flashed before his eyes Myrna's face, red-lipped, smiling, "I'll be seeing you soon. . . ."

Myrna!

Why hadn't he thought of it!

He whirled, flung open the door, flew down the steps, caught a taxi, urged the driver to speed, sat tense and pale on the edge of his seat.

Myrna was at the bottom of this. Getting back at him. Filling Molly full of ideas about his not wanting her. You could bet your sweet life Myrna was back of this!

Myrna opened the door. When she saw him her eyes widened and she gave a little gasp. He pushed past her. "Where is she?" he said.

She did not answer for a moment. She stood in the narrow hallway regarding him curiously. "Oh, it's you," she said.

"Where is she?"

"Where's who?"

He caught her wrist. "Quit stalling. Where's Molly?"

She jerked her wrist away. "How do I know?"

"If you don't tell me, I'll choke it out of you!"

"Listen," she said. "You can't burst in here like this and give me the third degree—"

"Where's Molly?"

She smiled then, her red lips parting over her white teeth. "So she walked out on you, did she?"

"Where is she?"

"I don't know, I tell you."

"Quit lying."

She shrugged. "All I know is that she told me she was leaving."

"When did she say that?"

"When she came over here one day—"

"Did she say why?"

Myrna nodded. "Because I told her she ought to, that's why."

"You told her what?"

"I thought I was doing you a favor—"

"What did you say to her?"

"I said— Listen, Johnny, I ain't pretending I wasn't sore when I followed you and found out where you lived and walked up and found this kid there—"

"What did you say to her?"

"You never fell for me, nor for any girl, then I walk in on this little innocent sap—"

HIS fingers bit into her arm. "You'd better talk fast if you know what's good for you."

"I'm talking, ain't I? Well, when I saw her there I thought, you know—I thought, he's gone in for the sweet, simple stuff. I thought, he wants a kid instead of—"

"Never mind what you thought."

"And then I got talking to her. I asked her things. She told me you never even kissed her. That was a hot one! At first I wouldn't believe her. Do you blame me?"

He said, "Where is she? Where's she gone?"

"Wait till I finish. Then I saw she meant it. On the level. No kidding, I mean. You treating her like a kid sister or something because she came from the same Home you did. And so I saw through the whole thing."

"Saw what? What do you mean?"

"I saw why you did it, of course. I saw it was because you felt sorry for her. Because she was up against it. Because once you took her in you didn't have the heart to turn her out again. You were doing it for charity—"

"You told her that?"

"Sure. I told her she had no business taking advantage of your kindness and living off you that way. I told her a great big girl like her ought to be ashamed of letting you take care of her. I told her she ought to quit sponging on you and get out."

"What did she do? What did she say?"

"She didn't say a thing but I thought she'd do it. She'd do anything for you. She's nutty about you. She's a nice kid. I got nothing against her now that I know that you and she—now that I know—"

"I got to find her."

"But what for, Johnny? She'll be all right. Honest, she will. Don't worry so much about her. I'm here. She can't begin to give you what I can."

She came close to him, laid her hand on his arm. He flung her off savagely. "Get away from me!" He tore open the door.

She stared at him, her lips parted.

The door slammed. She ran to it, flung it open, screamed "Johnny!" shrilly. He was gone. She could hear the sharp clatter of his heels on the stone stairs. She shut the door softly and leaned against the panel of it, sobbing as if her heart would break.

RAINDROPS had begun to fall. The sharp slap of them in his face brought him up sharply. Where to go now? What to do? How did you go about finding someone lost in a city?

He walked dully through the downpour. Think. I've got to think. But no thoughts would come. Only little images, vivid and compelling. Molly tucking a rose in water, bending over it. . . . Molly standing in the window, waving to him, her hand fluttering long after her face was a blur. . . . Molly asleep on the couch, her lashes lying like dark shadows on her cheek, the breath fluttering through her parted lips. . . . Molly. . . .

He went home. He dragged himself up the stairs. Turned the key in the lock. Stopped short, transfixed.

She was there. Molly was there. She stood in the hallway eying him gravely. She still wore her hat and coat and her face was white and streaked with tears.

He moistened his lips. "Where have you been?"

She was struggling to speak. "I went away. I wasn't ever coming back. Then I thought I ought to tell you why I was going. You've been so good to me. I thought I ought to come back and explain—"

"You don't need to explain," he said harshly. "I know all about it." His knees felt weak as water, his heart thumped painfully in his breast. Gosh, he wasn't going to stand there and blubber like a baby, was he? . . .

He said, "Come here," to her.

She approached timidly, her eyes on his face.

"Listen, you, we're going to get married as soon as we can get a license. Then maybe you'll stay home of a night and cook my dinner instead of having me tramp all over creation looking for you."

A light sprang into her eyes. "Oh, Johnny, do you care that much?"

"Care?" he repeated stupidly. "Care? You'd care if you came home to an empty flat after a hard day's work and found nothing ready. Not a darn' thing. You'd care. . . ." His voice broke grotesquely. Tears were rolling down his cheeks.

Fu Manchu's Bride

Continued from page 24



WHEN YOUR FEET HURT YOU HURT ALL OVER!

When your feet hurt, your whole body suffers. Headaches, back-aches, rheumatism, neuritis, sluggish circulation, nervous exhaustion, irritability, fatigue—these conditions are often directly traceable to the feet!

You can stop all this needless suffering at once and at very small cost by going to your drug, department or shoe store and asking for the Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy made especially for your particular foot ailment.

Remember, there is a Dr. Scholl Remedy for every foot trouble—corns, callouses, bunions, weak or fallen arches, flat-foot, rheumatic foot or leg pains, hammer toe, Morton's toe, crooked toes, ingrown nails, swollen or weak ankles, sore heels, tired, aching, sore, tender or burning feet, itching feet and toes, "Athlete's Foot," odorous feet, excessive perspiration, etc.

TIRED, ACHING FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Easer relieves and removes the cause of tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, weak or fallen arches, etc. Worn in any shoe with immediate comfort. \$3.50 pair.



CORNS—SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain and quickly remove corns. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads end the cause; prevent blisters and sore toes; keep you rid of corns.



CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end every trace of pain in one minute and quickly remove the hard dead skin with absolute safety. Stop pressure on the sore spot; soothe and heal. Easy to apply. 35¢ box.



SORE HOT FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm relieves pain; cools, rests and heals tender, tired, aching, burning feet. Promotes foot health. Removes foot odors. Gives you delightful ease and comfort. 35¢, 75¢ jars.



BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer relieves bunion pain by removing shoe pressure; reduces by absorption; hides the unsightly bulge, preserves shape of shoes. Worn invisibly under the stocking. 75¢ each.



FOOT STRAIN

Dr. Scholl's Arch Binder gives quick relief from burning, aching, tired feeling in feet and legs. Takes off all strain on muscles; holds bones in position. Worn invisibly with any kind of shoes. \$1 pair.



Dr. Scholl's FOOT APPLIANCES and REMEDIES

DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT COMFORT WEEK

This annual nation-wide event takes place June 17 to 24 inclusive at all leading Shoe, Department and Drug Stores.

If you have any foot trouble, by all means see your dealer and get the Dr. Scholl relief you need!

I estimated that fully an hour elapsed. I knew from experience that these apartments were practically soundproof. My brain was a phantom circus and I was rapidly approaching a state of nervous exhaustion. My frame of mind had been all but unendurable when I had thought that I was dead, when I had thought that I was in a state of delirium. But now, knowing that the horrors accumulated about me, the monstrosities, parodies of nature, the living dead men, the incalculable machines, were real and not figments of fevered imagination—now, when I should have been most sane, I was more likely to lose my mental poise than at any time during the past.

A dream which I had scarcely dared to entertain had come true—only to be shattered in the very hour of its realization. That I should ever leave this place alive I did not believe for a moment. But surely no man had ever held so much in his hands, ever needed life as I needed it at this moment, when I knew I faced death.

I DROPPED down into a little arm-chair—one in which I remembered miserably Fleurette had sat—and buried my face in my hands.

If only I could conjure up one spark of hope—find something to think about which did not lead to insanity!

Then I sprang to my feet. It had reached me unmistakably . . . that dim vibration which told of the section doors being raised!

What did it mean?

That my fate had been decided upon and that they were coming for me? I crossed and pressed the control button. There was no response.

Again, as in Fleurette's room earlier that night, I felt like a mouse in a trap. It could profit no one, myself least of all, but a determination came to me at this moment which did much to steady me.

I would die fighting.

I tested the weight of the little arm-chair in which I had been seated. It was about heavy enough for my purpose. I would hurl it at whoever entered.

I pulled open the drawers of a large cabinet which occupied a great portion of one wall. It contained laboratory

appliances, presumably belonging to a former occupant, and including a glass mask and rubber gloves. But I found no weapon there.

A pedestal lamp stood upon the table. I wrenched the cord from it, removed the lamp and the shade, and realized that it made a very good club. Armed with this I would rush out and see what account I could give of myself in the corridors.

This useless plan made, I stood there waiting. At least there would be action to come.

The muted rumbling of the doors continued. Once again, setting the lamp-stand upon the carpet beside me, I tested the control—but without result.

That rumbling and the queer throbbing gong note which accompanied it could be heard distinctly when I pressed my head against the framework. But now, abruptly, it ceased.

The section doors were raised. . . .

Yet again I tried the control, but uselessly. I stood there waiting, dividing my attention between the wall with its hidden entrance and the door which I knew.

But silence prevailed; nothing happened.

For fully five minutes I waited, not knowing what to expect but full of my plan for a fighting finish. At last I determined that I could bear this waiting no longer. Again I tested the control. . . .

The door slid noiselessly open!

What I could see of the corridor outside seemed to be more dimly lighted than usual. There was another white door nearly opposite. A faint, putrid smell reached my nostrils.

Cautiously I crept forward, and peeped out, looking along the passage.

A strange humming sound seemed to be drawing nearer to the light shining out from the room behind me. And then . . .

I sprang back, stifling a scream that was truly hysterical.

The passage was held by an army of flies, of ants, of other nameless things which flew and crawled and scurried. . . . And, not three feet away, watching me with its hideously intelligent eyes, crouched that monstrous black spider I had seen in the case. . . .

(Continued on page 46)



My new Brushless Shave Is a Cream NOT A GREASE

W. G. Mennen

"You men who like a Brushless Shave—here's a piece of news for you!

"Now you don't have to smear up your face with greasy, lard-like preparations. Now you don't have to clog your razor with sticky stuff.

"I've got a brand new Brushless Shave for you—one that's a cream—NOT A GREASE.

"Because it is a cream, it improves your shave five ways. Are these improvements important to you? You be the judge."

The Five Improvements

1. **Wilts whiskers**—smooths the path of the razor. The blade sails over the skin, cuts clean. Swift! No pull!
2. **Shows white on the face.** You can see the path of the razor.
3. **Washes off easily**—off the hands, off the face, off the razor, off the basin. Being creamy and not greasy, it dissolves quickly. Doesn't mess up everything.
4. **Economical.** It spreads easier so you can use less (about $\frac{1}{3}$ less.)
5. **Protects your skin.** Particularly good for dry, tender skins.

MENNEN

brushless SHAVE

GUEST PACKAGE 10¢ Three

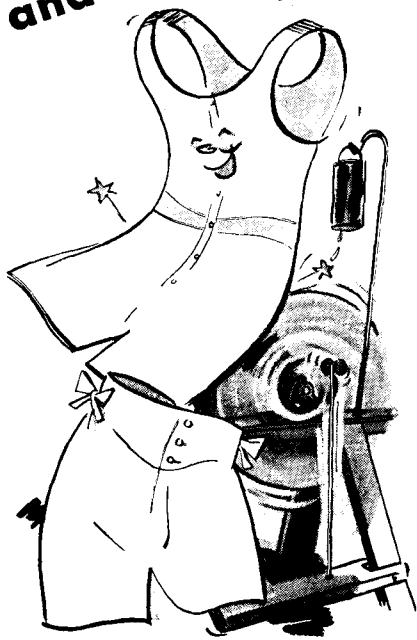
Products! Generous Sizes! Contains Mennen Brushless Shave, Mennen Skin Bracer, Mennen Talcum for Men. An exceptional bargain! Mail coupon now with 10¢ to Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-2.



"Wine always makes him witty"

William Steig

**Nominal Price
and Phe-nomenal Wear!**



THAT'S THE RECORD OF B. V. D.!

If you think that "bargain counter" underwear costs you less than B.V.D.—you're wrong—you're dead wrong!

Bargain underwear is a luxury. It costs you more than B.V.D.'s because its life is short!

B.V.D. outwears and outvalues all the catch-penny private brands that ever pulled the wool over your eyes and the shoddy over your limbs.

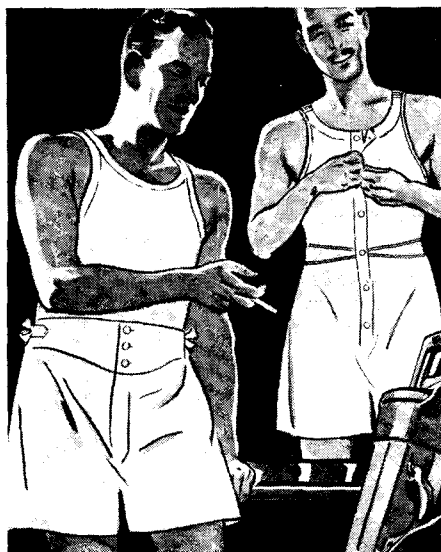
No laundry can lick B.V.D. It's made to fit—never bags at the seat—and never comes to a parting of the ways when you make a sudden movement.

Shorts, Shirts, union suits—whatever B.V.D.'s you wear—wear equally well.

Even when sidewalks simmer and poodles perspire—B.V.D. keeps you cool and comfortable.

Get B.V.D. and retrench on your underwear budget.

THE B. V. D. CO., INC., NEW YORK



**B.V.D. UNDERWEAR
PAJAMAS
SWIM SUITS**
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
the new "COMBONAIR" SHIRT

(Continued from page 45)

Frenziedly I closed the door, shutting out those flying and crawling horrors.

Then I began a grim fight—a fight to conquer shaken nerves. That long period of waiting had taken its toll; but the terrors of the corridor, crowned by the apparition of that giant spider had taxed me beyond the limit.

What had happened?

Was this a plan, premeditated? Or had some action on the part of Nayland Smith resulted in a disturbance of this ghastly household?

I dismissed the idea that Dr. Fu Manchu had released this phantom army merely to compass my own death. I had intruded—unwittingly as he had admitted—upon the delicate machinery of his purpose. But brief though my acquaintance had been with the Chinese doctor I was not prepared to believe him capable of stooping from that purpose, even momentarily, in response to the promptings of jealousy, or of any lower human impulse.

THEREFORE, if what I had seen conformed to some plan, this plan was not directed against myself, although I might be included in it. If it were the result of accident, of panic on the part of a household disturbed by unexpected events, it could only mean that the doctor had departed—fled before the menace of Nayland Smith!

And by virtue of the fact that I was exercising my brain in hard reasoning, I regained control of that courage which, frankly, had been slipping. And a memory came. . . .

In my frantic search for some weapon with which to put up a fight for life, I had hauled out the drawers of a big cabinet which occupied nearly the whole of one wall of the sitting-room in which I now stood.

Among the objects, useless at the time, which I had discovered had been a glass mask of the kind chemists wear.

I formed a desperate resolution. I ran to the drawer in which the mask lay, and slipped it over my head. I saw now that my white overalls, which were made of some unfamiliar material, were adapted to the wearing of this mask: the collar could be turned up and buttoned to the equipment. I fixed it in place, bending before the mirror in the bathroom and contemplating my hideous image.

The rubber gloves!

These, also, I discovered could be attached to my sleeves in a certain manner, so that nothing could penetrate between glove and sleeve. My final discovery, that the trousers of the white overalls might be tucked inside the tops of the shoes to which a strap was attached for the purpose, convinced me.

Courage returned. I was equipped to face the terrors of the corridor.

I would have given much for a gun, or even a handy club, but in the end I was reduced again to the lamp stand-ard.

Clutching this in my hand, I reopened the door. There was some system of ventilation in the curious mask which I wore—but nevertheless breathing was difficult.

I stood looking along the passage.

The black horror, the giant spider—which, for some reason, although it may have been comparatively harmless, I feared more than anything else—had disappeared. The air was thick with flies; I could hear them vaguely. Some had settled upon the walls. I saw that they were of various kinds.

One of the huge wasps flew straight against my glass mask. I ducked wildly, striking at it—not confident yet of my immunity.

The thing flew by—I heard the fading buzz of its passing. . . .

I came to the end of the corridor and looked down the stairs. My wits were far from clear. At all costs I must remember the route. I found as I stood there that I could remember only that by which Dr. Fu Manchu had first conducted me.

Another way there was, and I had gone by it. The route I remembered would lead me through the bacteriological research room. From thence onward I knew my course.

All the doors were open.

At the entrance to the room where I had seen Sir Frank Narcomb, I pulled up.

My knowledge of bacteria was limited; but if the insects were free—so presumably were the germs. . . .

I glanced down at my feet. Large ants, having glittering black bodies, were swarming up over the lashings of my overalls!

Stamping madly, I stooped, brushing the things off with my rubber glove. I saw a centipede wriggling away from my stamping feet. Panic touched me. I ran through the room and out into a short passage beyond.

In that dimly lighted place surrounded by windows behind which the insects lived, I saw that the doors of the cases were open. Some of the things still hovered about their nests, but many of the cases were empty.

There was no one in the passage beyond—which was even more dimly lighted; but I stepped upon some wriggling thing and heard the crunch of its body beneath my rubber-shod foot.

The sound sickened me.

I pressed on to the botanical research room. A glance showed that it had been partly stripped. I stared through the observation window into that small house where the strange orchids had been under cultivation. They had disappeared.

Looking about at the shelves, I realized that much of the apparatus had been taken away. The doors leading into the first of the big forcing-houses were open.

I passed through, and immediately I grasped the explanation of something which had been puzzling me: namely, that the escaped insects were scarcely represented here, whereas the corridors beyond were thick with them, flying and crawling.

A sharp change in the atmosphere offered an explanation.

Windows, as well as doors, were open here, admitting a keen night air borne by a wind from the Alps.

Those things were seeking warmth in the interior of the place. And already, so delicate are such plants, I saw that many of the tropical flowers about me were drooping—would soon be dead.

What did this mean?

It was probably part of a plan to destroy such results of those unique experiments as could not be removed.

WITH every step I advanced, the air grew colder and colder—and destruction among the unique products through which I passed was such that I could find time for a moment of regret in the midst of my own engrossing troubles. The palm-house, in common with every other place I had visited, was deserted. The doors leading into Dr. Fu Manchu's study were open. . . . I could see light shining out.

Here was the crux of the situation. Here, if anywhere, I should meet with a check.

Despite the keenness of the air, I was bathed in perspiration, buckled up in my nearly air-tight outfit.

I advanced slowly, step by step, until I could look into the study. Then I stood still, staring through the glass mask—which had grown very misty—

at a room stripped of its exotic trappings!

The furniture alone remained. This destruction, then, which I had witnessed, was the handiwork of Dr. Fu Manchu himself—or so I must suppose. For here was clear evidence that he had fled, taking his choicest possessions with him.

I paused there for only a few moments; then I ran out into the great radio research room.

Of the masses of unimaginable mechanism which had cumbered the room, only the heaviest remained. The instruments were gone from the tables. Many shelves were bare. Three intricate pieces of machinery, including that which I had thought resembled a moving-picture camera, were there, but wrecked—shattered—mere mounds of metallic fragments upon a gray floor!

There were no insects visible in the big room, which was as cold as a cavern. Indeed, as Nayland Smith had pointed out, a cavern, practically, it was. Doors I had not known to exist were open in the glass walls, but I ran the length of the place and sprang up the stairs beyond.

The door did not close behind me. The whole of that intricate mechanism had been locked in some way.

Gaining the top corridor I glanced swiftly to the right.

A cold gray light—the light of dawn—was touching the terrace.

I RAN forward.

"Hands up!" came swiftly.

And, even as I obeyed that order, I groaned, filled with such bitterness of spirit as I had rarely known.

On the very threshold—freedom in sight—I was trapped again!

A group of semi-human figures surrounded me in the half-light: creatures goggle-eyed, with shapeless heads, to which were attached trunk-like appendages! I raised my hands, staring helplessly about at that ghoulish party closing in upon me.

"Search him!" came the same voice, staccato, but curiously muffled.

But now, hearing it, I grasped the truth!

The hideous headdresses of the men surrounding me were gas-masks!

"Sir Denis!" I cried, and knew that my own voice was at least as muffled as his.

The leader of the party was Nayland Smith!

Something very like unconsciousness threatened me. I had not fully appreciated how wrought up I was until this moment. Sights and sounds merged into an indistinguishable blur. But presently, out of this haze, I began to apprehend that Nayland Smith was talking to me, his arm about my shoulders.

"Not a soul has left Ste. Claire, Sterling; it's covered from the land and from the sea. When your first message reached me—"

"I sent no message! But what was it?"

"You sent no message?"

"Not a thing! Nevertheless, I think I know who did. What did you take it to mean?"

"According to the system we had arranged, it meant that Petrie was there—but dead. There was a second, much later, which quite defeated me—"

"I don't know who sent the second. But it's true that Petrie is there—and, when I saw him last, *alive*."

"Sterling, Sterling, you are sure?"

"I spoke to him. And—by heavens!—I had almost forgotten—"

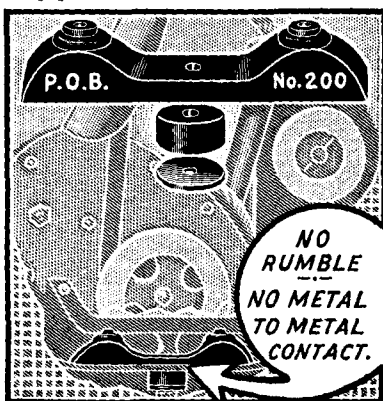
I plunged a rubber-clad hand into the pocket of my overall, and pulled out the creased and folded sheet of paper.

"The formula for '654.'"

"Thank God! Good old Petrie! Quick, give it to me!"

Eliminate Rumble and Vibration in your FORD "A"

Replace steel springs
with this famous P. O. B.
All-Rubber Front Motor
Support.



U. S. Patent No. 1,867,070

**There is no substitute
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for Ford "A"-"AA"**

Nayland Smith had discarded his helmet temporarily, and I my glass mask. He dashed away down the steps, leaving me standing there, looking about me.

Six or eight men were by the open door, their heads hidden in gas-masks, and I realized now that they must be French police. I felt very much below par, but the keen night air was restoring me, and after an absence of no more than two or three minutes Sir Denis came running back.

"I don't think, Sterling," he said in his rapid way, "that the Doctor's campaign was ripe to open. It depended, I believe, upon climatic conditions. But, in any event, '654' will be in the possession of the medical authorities of the world tonight."

"Petrie's wish is carried out!"

"I SHOULD have raided an hour ago, Sterling, if I had had the foresight to equip the party suitably. We were here before I realized the nature of the death-trap into which I might be leading them. I once saw a party of detectives in a Limehouse cellar belonging to Dr. Fu Manchu die the most dreadful deaths. . . .

"The chief of police was at the main gate, and I consulted with him. He quite naturally wanted to waive my objections; but I persisted. The delay was caused by the quest for gas-masks, of which there is not a large supply in the neighborhood. When they were obtained, the men on duty here reported that the door had been opened from inside but that no one had come out. I had rejoined them only a few minutes when you appeared."

"Yet the place is deserted!"

"What?"

"Part of it is infested with plague flies and other horrors, but there is no trace of a human being anywhere."

"Come on!" he snapped, and readjusted his helmet. "Are you fit, Sterling?"

"Yes."

I buttoned myself up in my grim equipment. Followed by the police party I found myself again in the house of Dr. Fu Manchu.

Unhesitatingly I began to run towards the green lamp at the end of the corridor which marked the position of Fleurette's room—when all the lights went out!

"What's this?" came a muffled exclamation.

The ray of a flashlight cut the darkness; then many others. Every member of the party was seemingly provided. Someone thrust a light into my hand, and I went racing along to the door of Fleurette's room.

One glance showed me that it was empty. . . .

"I forgive you, Sterling," came hoarsely, "but you are wasting time."

The party tore down the stairs, Nayland Smith and I leading.

"Petrie's room," came huskily, "that first. . . ."

We dashed across the dismantled radio research laboratory, eerie in torchlight, through the empty study where Dr. Fu Manchu, wrapped in a strange opium dream, had sat in his throne-chair, and on through those great forcing-houses where trees, shrubs and plants to which Dame Nature had never given her benediction wilted in the keen air sweeping through open doors.

HOARSE exclamations told of the astonishment experienced by the police party following us as we dashed through those exotic mysteries. Then, mounting the stair and coming to the corridor with its white, numbered doors, I became aware of a crunching sound beneath my feet.

I paused, and shone the light downward.

The floor was littered with dead and comatose insects, swift victims of this change of temperature! The giant spider had succumbed somewhere, I did not doubt; yet, even now I dreaded the horror, dreaded those reasoning eyes—

"We turn right, here!" I shouted, my voice muffled by the mask.

I ran along the passage and in at the open door of that room in which I had seen Petrie.

The room was empty!

(To be continued next week)



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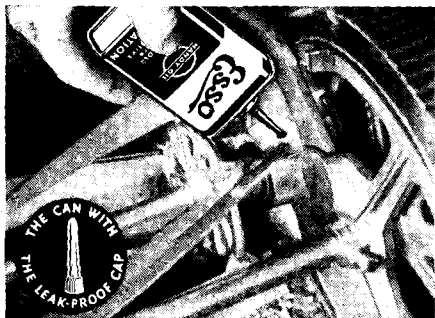
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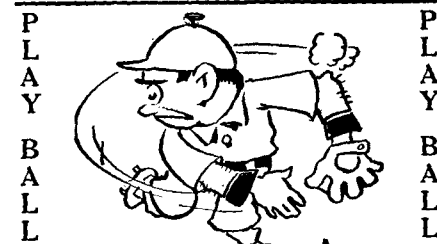
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these figures. In other words, if a great many people see fit to bet on one horse, his odds keep getting shorter, while the odds on the other horses get longer, for the whole thing balances in the end. Lightning calculators inside keep figuring these odds as the money rolls in, and as fast as they reach new figures, the new figures are posted.

All this money goes into a central pool, or kitty.

A bell rings loudly when the horses reach the starting line, the windows are closed and the lightning calculators then rapidly figure the final, or pay-off, odds on each horse.

If You Must Bet Here's How

First, however, the percentages for track and state are combed "off the top." These percentages vary according to the various state laws, the totals ranging from 6 to 10 per cent. A typical cut is 6½ per cent to the track, 3½ to the state. All the remainder is split up among the winning bettors, and is paid out as the winning tickets are presented. The "machine" is really a clearing house. Theoretically it neither makes nor loses a cent although it actually does make in freak ways explained farther on, and, upon rare occasions when a horse is so tremendously backed that its odds are forced into fractions, the machine can lose.

After the race, the holders of the winning tickets come to collect. If the favorite, which means the one on which the most people have wagered, wins, the winnings are divided among many bettors and are proportionately lean. If, however, "a long-shot," which means a horse on which only a few have taken a chance, comes out ahead, the winnings—although seldom so phenomenal as they were back on July 17, 1912, when a horse named Wishing Ring paid \$1,885.50 on a \$2 investment—are often extremely high.

There are three, really four, ways to bet on a horse: You can play him "straight" or "on the nose," which means to wager that he'll win. Or if you aren't quite so sure, you can "play him to place," which means to come in second. Or you can "play him to show," which means to come in third. The odds to place and show are never so high as the odds on winning, but if you play place or show and the horse wins, you also win—but at the odds you bet.

There's still another system, called playing "across the board." This means betting all three places on the same horse. If he wins, you collect three bets. If he places, you collect two, but if he shows, you only collect the lowest one and often lose money.

As there are only ten places on the usual pari-mutuel board, if more than ten horses run, the rest are lumped into what is known as "the field." And you can play the field if you so desire. It's frequently a temptation, for you may have as many as a dozen horses running for your money. But the catch is that, in the opinion of the handicapper who's supposed to know his horse-flesh, the field horses are doomed to be the also-rans, and if you win with one, it's either an accident or a miracle.

Engineers toying delightedly with the pari-mutuel idea have developed and are improving an amazingly intricate machine which does the whole job automatically and in split-second time. It is known as a "totalizer," and was developed from the inventions of an Australian, J. Cruikshank, and an Englishman, Sir George Julius.

Two Dollars on the Nose

Continued from page 12

The totalizer, or "tote," registers instantaneously each bet on each horse and flashes the odds changes almost as quickly upon a huge scoreboard. The only one at present installed in America is at Miami's beautiful Hialeah track, but one has been ordered for Arlington Park, near Chicago, and the new law will probably make them increasingly familiar to race crowds all over America.

The advantages of the tote are several. From the bettor's standpoint, it eradicates all possibilities of fraud or mistake, for it replaces the human odds-checkers. Then, too, it eliminates any misunderstanding over the size of the odds, or "the price." Just as the Wall Street ticker sometimes falls behind the market, so do the figures of even the fastest human calculators sometimes fall behind the betting on a wild day at the track. There's none of that with the tote. It rings 'em up just as fast as they're registered, and posts the figures in high relief.

The advantages to the track are several, too. It increases confidence and, for that reason, the volume of betting. It is much more economical than the manual system, for it not only saves the salaries of an army of employees, but it saves a large printing bill.

The one catch is that a tote costs a great deal of money—often as much as \$300,000—to install. The one at Hialeah, said to have ninety miles of electric wiring inside it, is rented from an Australian corporation. The rental is five per cent of the money it handles. This past season it was better than \$400,000. That makes it look as if it would have been cheaper for Hialeah to buy the mammoth machine and be done with it.

Most tracks fatten from the pari-mutuels in freak ways.

There's a usually unmentioned but very considerable item known as "breakage." To avoid the inconvenience of handling pennies, many tracks pay off up to the nickel, and anything over that remains in the kitty and goes to the track. For instance, if your winning horse pays \$16.84, you really get \$16.80 and the track keeps the four cents. This started, presumably, because most winners were satisfied with even change and didn't want to be annoyed with pennies. Likewise, the handling of pennies slowed up the pay-offs. Some states, in order to help their tracks increase revenue, have recently altered their betting laws to increase breakage up to a dime. Maryland is one, the new law being effective this season.

Gold Mines in the Rubbish

This unofficial rake-off amounts to more than you'd think. It sometimes runs to \$50,000 a season.

Then there's a profit to be had from tickets lost, destroyed or for some other reason uncashed, and also from the occasional bettors who bet before the entries are officially authenticated, and whose horses are disqualified or fail to put in an appearance.

Thousands of winning tickets annually are, for various reasons, never turned in. Sometimes they are torn up in the excitement. More often they're dropped, stuck in some unfamiliar pocket, or otherwise lost. Occasionally, they are simply forgotten.

After each race day at any big track a loiterer can see a group of grandstand beach-combers culling the debris and examining tickets either lost or abandoned by their owners as trash. Oc-

asionally, they pick up or piece together one worth many times its weight in very real gold.

They told of a woman in Miami this winter who turned a neat profit on the season doing this.

For all tracks honor these tickets. Even the fragments of a torn ticket can be pasted together, and if it's the genuine article the presenter is paid. The tickets are good, as a matter of fact, until January 1st of the third year following their issuance. After that they are outlawed, and the track takes the money. These sums, corresponding roughly to the deposits lying forgotten and unclaimed in banks, then go to the track and they are considerable.

It isn't stretching facts too far to say that, in normal times, a state with tracks such as Maryland's will take a million dollars in percentages and taxes from its racing. In fact, one track in Maryland—Pimlico—actually registered in commissions and breakage, \$924,108 in addition to \$381,754 in admissions in 1928. Of this the state receives \$252,286 in state and county taxes, and the track wound up with a net profit of \$279,074.

Last year, one understands, this track, and all big tracks for that matter, barely broke even, or perhaps didn't do that well. Even the big Chicago tracks, where the betting sometimes runs to more than a million dollars a day, had trouble balancing their books, but the sovereign state of Illinois got its percentage off the top without a murmur. And that percentage was in the neighborhood of a million sorely needed dollars.

States—Tempted and Fallen

It is even claimed that the Florida tracks, which did such booming business this winter, after purses were paid and the general thumping overhead taken care of, wound up slightly pink if not actually red. But that's a thing for the syndicates operating them to fret about. The state of Florida was richer by at least a half million dollars.

Those are the figures that have caught the straining eyes of the other states' solons and have led such conservative and otherwise godly commonwealths as Washington, Ohio, Delaware, New Hampshire, New Mexico and the rest to decide that, after all, betting on the bangtails may be foolish, but it's not really criminal.

Forthright reporting forces the statement that there seems to be a sour note in this general symphony of sweetness. Betting may boost the speed of the state as a whole, but it frequently gives a limp to a track's immediate community. One of the country's foremost turf writers, discussing this general subject privately with your correspondent the other day, said: "It puts money in circulation, yes. But it puts a lot of other things in circulation, too. Although I'm a racing man, and racing seems only able to live through betting, I'd give it as my honest opinion that pari-mutuel betting has never failed to impoverish the town and locality where it is permitted. That it's the favorite nourishment of touts and tout sheets, everybody knows."

"What everybody doesn't know, however, is that the business efficiency of a city such as Baltimore is reduced from thirty per cent to sixty per cent while the racing season is on. With that two-dollar ticket always up there as a lure, shopgirls, teamsters and clerks even pool their pennies to buy one. They

spend their mornings poring over a tout sheet and their afternoons buying early editions or watching a race board on a ticker. Local citizens who can't afford it risk whatever they make from the crowds that come in, and usually lose the entire roll if they keep on playing. Nobody can beat that game.

"But, of course, the state doesn't have to worry about such individual misfortune. It, like the track, collects right off the top."

In all this horse-powered and bigfigured discussion, they've never said very much about the fellow who's going to do all this betting. He's the "Forgotten Man" of this particular campaign, and still he's the fellow that all the shooting's about.

The Two-Dollar Gullible

Racing may be "the sport of kings," but its real No. 1 Guy is the \$2 sucker. Armed with an ice-cream cone, a tip sheet, and probably \$15, he wanders in as innocently and about as intelligently as a newly born rabbit, and starts risking his money, two bucks at a time, in the wildest guessing game that's staged in open air.

Betting on the horses is a sucker's game at best and nobody can win consistently. By actual statistics, less than forty per cent of the favorites win, and long shots are the wildest of gambles. There's an old law in sport that says "Never bet against form," but because race horses are highly strung, crazily temperamental creatures, form here is worth less than forty per cent and there's nothing beyond that but a guess.

There undoubtedly still is an occasional horse race that's crooked, but such is the ticklish texture of the business that the crooks themselves can't always be sure that a fixed race will stay fixed to its finish.

But fixed races in these days are comparatively rare. The \$2 sucker faces no particular menace in that quarter.

It's just that he knows less about horses than a hen knows about tooth paste, and he wouldn't be much better off if he knew all about them. He peruses his tip sheet. He listens to this friend and that. He hears something mysterious known as "one hot from the feed-box." He wavers, he figures, he changes his mind and he usually winds up betting on some nag whose name he never before heard, simply because somebody who looks as if he knew his way around has just planked a couple of simoleons upon this particular critter.

Your \$2 gullible, in brief, is undertaking a business investment that not even the most careless business man would consider. He's being taxed every time he steps up to the window, and he's shooting at a target he can't even see. If he's the average customer, he grins away his losses and charges it all off to fun.

But occasionally, of course, he can't afford to lose, and the tracks worry a little about that angle, too.

Last winter, for instance, at Hialeah, a window clerk with a sharp memory suddenly realized that a certain sweet-faced woman had lost \$100 a day at his window for almost a month. All tracks still have considerable fear of reformers. They want no scandals, no suicides, no such headlines as "Bank Teller's Wife Gambles His Embezzlements at Local Track." So the clerk confided in an official and pointed out the woman.

The official managed to follow her to the stands and to get the seat next to hers. It's easy to start conversation at a track, where all is excitement, and he managed to engage her in a pleasant discussion and, without his asking a question, she told him her story.

She was, she said, the widow of a famous Middle Western financier. It went without saying that she was immensely wealthy. She had traveled all over the world and had paid thousands of dollars to doctors in an effort to cure herself of insomnia. She had finally discovered that the excitement of the track and the study of the various racing forms at night enabled her to sleep. So, she explained, she bet \$100 every day on the longest shot in the list, "just to make it interesting." She could afford to lose the money. She didn't expect to win. It was just the money she used to pay the doctors anyhow.

The official took precaution to investigate at her hotel and see if she was really what she claimed, discovered that she was, and that was that.

But there's one more piece of the picture that shouldn't be forgotten. In a way it's the most important of all. That's the vision of the general, even if only temporary, prosperity a race crowd brings to the community that houses the track, the tonic effect of the new laws upon dispirited communities that had just about given up the ghost.

A typical example is the little town of Salem, New Hampshire. It was unquestionably licked. Moldering hard by was an ancient horse track, the only one of any size in New England. Sporadic attempts had been made to do something with this ghostly piece of dank and dismal real estate. They tried automobile racing, but that was no go. They've tried horse racing there without open betting. But that didn't go.

Salem sank slowly into poverty, unemployment and misery. Taxes were unpaid. All activity languished. So far as any definite outlook went, here in time was doomed to be another deserted New England village, with nothing but a rotting fence and a tumble-down grandstand hard by.

Then with electric suddenness late in March, New Hampshire passed her racing law. To be exactly accurate, she passed a law legalizing pari-mutuel betting at horse racing. Racing has never been illegal anywhere; it's the betting that's been barred.

Salem Snaps Into It

You'd never know the little town of Salem now.

It has come to life like the Sleeping Beauty at the Prince's kiss. It has gone into a boom like the famous town of old. A big force of its long unemployed has been working steadily at good wages getting the big track in shape for the opening. Most of the rest have been set to work by storekeepers and householders getting ready for the throng. Hotels and boarding houses are springing into life. Real estate has picked up. The whole section is booming, with a boom that's very real and very welcome.

The entire place and probably one hundred others like it from coast to coast have suddenly come out of the dumps because of the new pari-mutuel bills. They're a great, an eager, a rescued reception committee waiting with open heart and arms for the coming—of whom? The \$2 sucker, who is not only the salt of the racing earth, but is most of its other minerals as well.

Where they're going to get all the horses to run on all these tracks, and all the money to pour through the windows, nobody has paused to figure as yet. But the millennium has dawned. Racing, almost universally outlawed back around 1907, is coming back now in almost all sections.

The wedding bells are pealing on every sports page.

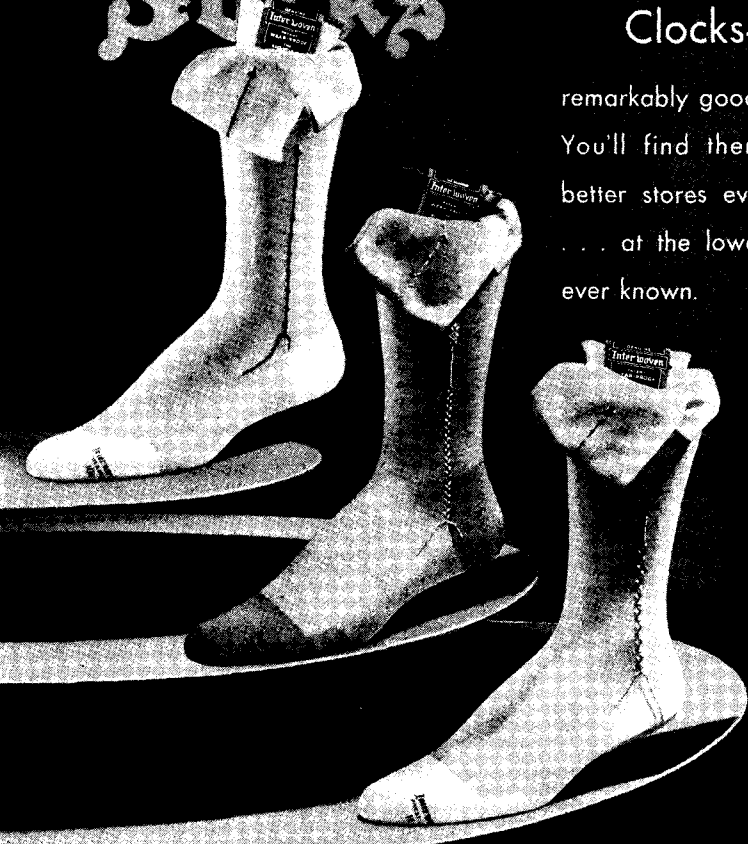
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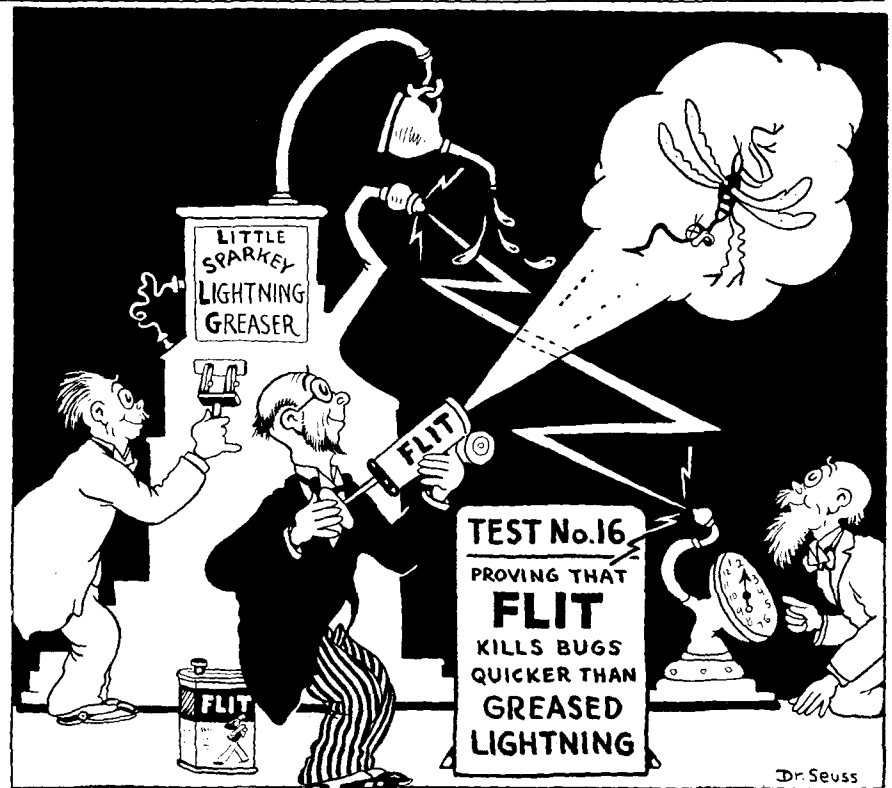
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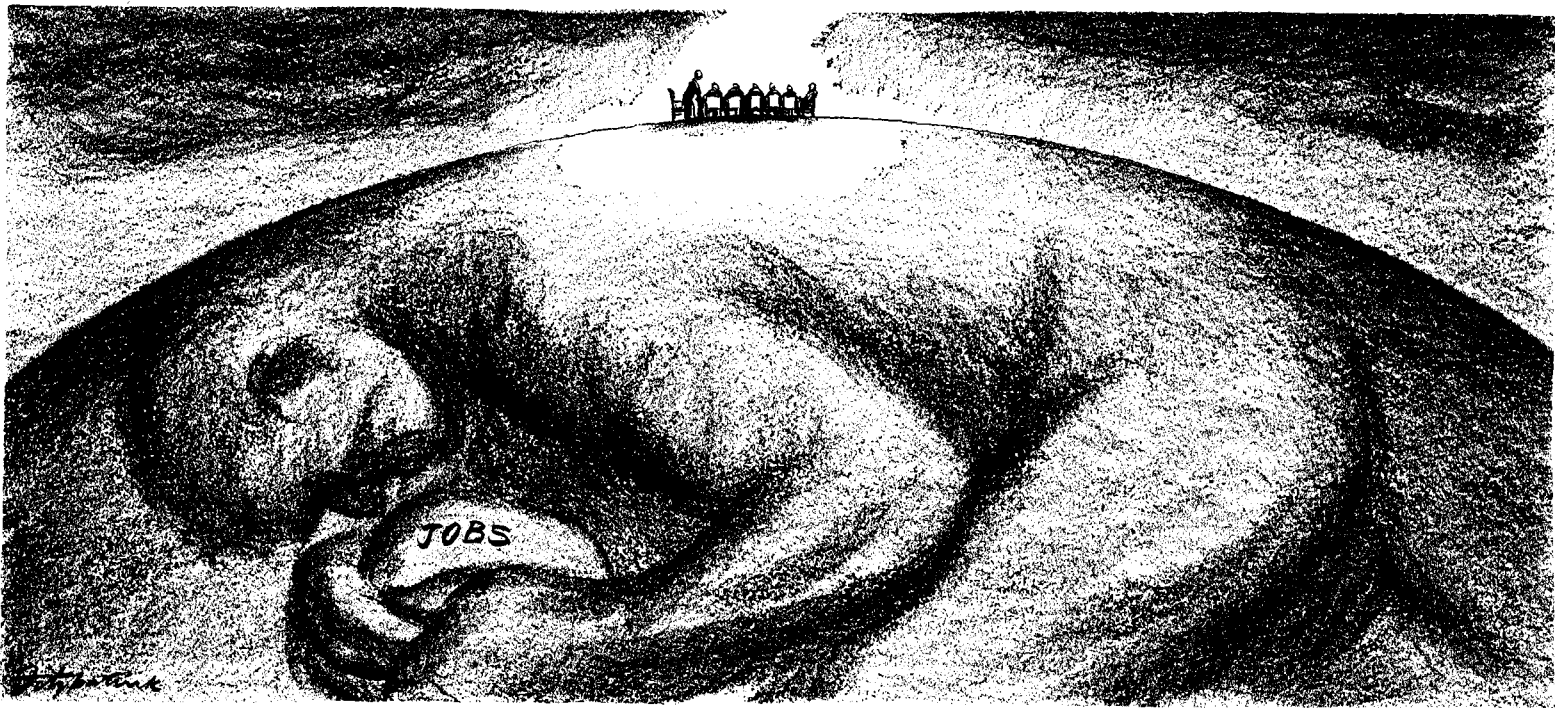
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Live and Let Live

WHAT can we reasonably expect from the World Economic Conference assembled in London? Is it possible for such a gathering to provide more jobs for Americans, to increase our prices and in general to help us toward prosperity?

If we could not sensibly expect such practical advantages from the London Conference there would have been no good reason for going. For the World Economic Conference is essentially a business meeting. Its object is to aid the various nations all of whom are struggling with difficulties much like those we have experienced.

Policies of isolation and of extreme nationalism have not worked out satisfactorily anywhere. Today, every nation everywhere is aware that somehow selfishness has not paid its promised dividends.

The practical benefit we are looking for is an increase in our foreign trade. Naturally the bulk of our business is domestic but the remainder, which is foreign, is highly important to our welfare.

As a matter of record, many Americans, some millions in truth, depend upon foreign trade for their prosperity. Cotton planters, tobacco growers, wheat farmers, manufacturers of various articles, must sell a large part of their production abroad if they are to sell it at all. More than that, the prices obtained for goods sold at home depend upon world prices.

Actually, millions of American workers—two and a half million at least—directly depend on foreign trade for jobs and prosperity. Indirectly many other millions depend upon what foreigners can pay for American exports.

Our interest in the success of the London Conference is thus intense and widespread. Every state and every class in every state are involved.

What the Conference can do for us is limited by what we are willing to approve. Agreements made in London are pious hopes

until confirmed by the governments and public opinion.

Just how far can the Conference go without risking a rejection of its recommendations? This is the essential question.

The matters before the Conference are sore issues in every land. Price levels, the movements of capital, money and credit policy and exchange difficulties are the immediate technical problems. Behind these are the larger political questions of debts and tariffs.

Every one of these matters is confused by politics and emotion. These are the barriers which must be removed if success is to be had.

If we and other peoples are willing to permit agreements to be made in our interest, arrangements can be made which will provide more jobs for those who want work and more profitable business all around. Tariffs, import quotas, debts and all the other allied political issues are far less important than the restoration of jobs and prosperity.

In this vastly complicated world no man and no nation can achieve enduring prosperity by disregarding the rights and the aspirations of other people. Live and let live is not only good morality but the soundest business policy.

Our great markets in the years ahead are Canada, Latin America and the Orient. What South Americans or the Chinese can buy from us depends very largely, among other things, on the value of their currency.

Chinese buying power was cut deeply by the demonetization of silver. The price of silver at Hongkong seemed once to be a matter remote from American interest. Actually, silver quotations in Chinese and Indian markets determine whether or not men in Mississippi and South Carolina can buy shoes for their children, hats for their wives, motor cars for family use or radios for entertainment.

The channels of trade cut crisscross lines

around the earth. We get rubber, coffee, tea, silk, rare minerals and a thousand other commodities we use in the routine of life from distant peoples. We send innumerable products around the world. The flow of this commerce has been impeded by tariffs, import quotas, currency instability and numerous other factors outside the control of any one nation or government.

We shall have to offer concessions if we expect to obtain concessions. The tangible concessions we can offer affect both the war debts and our tariff acts.

Sooner or later the debts will be reduced to the capacity of our debtors to pay. The most practicable concession we could offer now would be a stand-still agreement on war debts extending, say, for a five-year period.

Into this transfer provisions similar to that worked out in the Young plan should be incorporated. Then we would be assured that, whatever else might happen, never again would the existence of unpayable debts depreciate the currencies and destroy the buying power of those nations with whom, to keep prosperous, we must continue to trade.

We must also by tariff concessions agree to receive a large enough sum of imports to enable our debtors and customers to settle their accounts with us. For, finally, international trade is barter, an exchange of goods and services, and not a transfer of gold or money.

The men gathered in London will make as reasonable agreements as they think we and our representatives in Congress will approve. The peace treaty, now all but universally denounced, failed because the statesmen at Versailles dared not write a generous treaty lest their people and their politicians veto their work.

We have another great opportunity. What is done in our behalf depends largely upon what we are willing to sanction. If we give we shall receive, but not otherwise.

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Sloping radiator . . . chromium . . . luxury . . . speed . . . style . . . the Silver Anniversary Hupmobile of 1933 is setting a new high in thrill—and an all-time low in price.

But . . . let's get down to Hupmobile's real story. Its real difference. Its whole reason for existence. A thrilling story, too . . . for the man who gets a kick out of being very smart when his pocketbook is concerned.

Underneath the chromium and decoration there's foundation. Extra hours of unbelievably careful workmanship. Extra dollars spent for materials. Extra inspections that seem almost too painstaking.

You can't see these things on the showroom floor. But they explain Hupmobile's thrift. Its low consumption of gas and oil. They explain why Hupmobile stays "tuned up" to top pitch without constant tuning . . . and without the subsequent mechanics' bills. They explain why Hupmobiles, invariably, command higher trade-in values. And why a Hupmobile looks . . . and acts . . . new when the years say it ought to be old. Hupmobile is the car of the careful investor—and it proves it every mile and minute of its long life!

Three chassis (Series 321, 322, 326)
Four body styles on each

Hupmobile

HUPMOBILE • THE CAR OF THE CAREFUL INVESTOR



Five-passenger Sedan (Series

“I do”

“It's toasted”



A. A. A. A.

321)